UARY 21 — 27, 1981

EVE'S WEEKLY

RS. 2

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AUSE CANCER?

RETURN TO
ATRIARCHY— EMINENT
RSONALITIES
MMENT

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Eve's Weekly

HAPPINESS AND HEARTBREAK

12 To the world, the smiling, triumphant Ronald and Nancy Reagan personify all that is desirable in the First Family of the U.S.A. But the smiles often hide the heartaches every family secretly suffers.

GOA—FOR A SUPER HOLIDAY

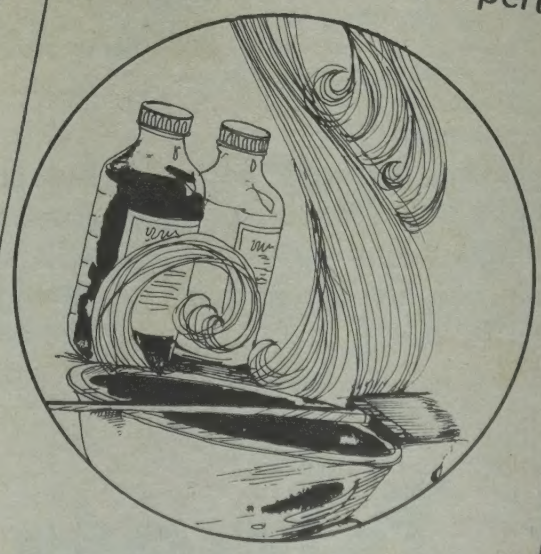
14 The carefree people of Goa symbolise all that is nice and fun loving. And the best time to see this, is during Carnival time.

CAN MATRIARCHY BE THE ALTERNATIVE?

44 A question sensitively discussed by Indira Mahindra, Leela Naidu, Shakuntala Devi, Kailash Chand and Kamala Das.

CAN HAIR DYES CAUSE CANCER?

47 Studies have shown that certain chemicals in hair dyes have carcinogic properties.



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REGULAR FEATURES

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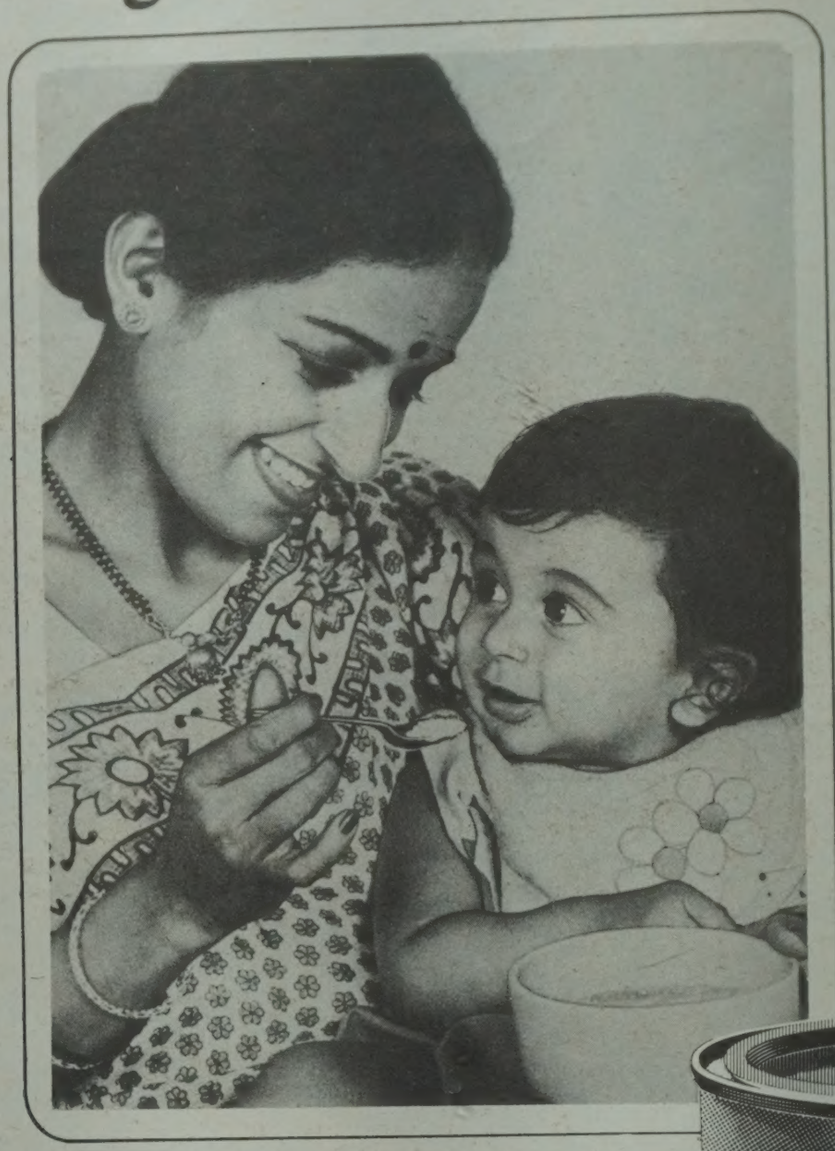
Nestum is gentle on baby's digestion



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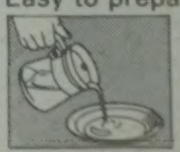
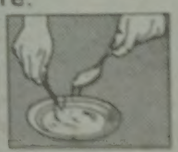


Pour pre-boiled warm milk



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1st PRIZE

TWO INTO ONE

A young colleague of mine just got married again. She's in her early thirties, had been widowed since the last two-and-a-half years. and has a seven-year-old son. Her second husband is a middle-aged divorcé with a teenaged son.

"What's so great about widow-remarriage in this day and age?" — I can almost hear you ask. It is great, because, firstly, it's an arranged marriage. We do not often come across widow-remarriages that have been strictly arranged — especially when the widow is neither all that young nor without offspring. Secondly, she comes from a rather conservative Maharashtrian family which has been averse even to "love" marriages. This very family has willingly arranged her marriage. Thirdly, because though she is a college-lecturer (lecturers are rather shy of breaking social norms when it comes to their own personal lives) she has taken the very bold step of refusing to face a vacuous existence.

Widow-remarriage apart, just think how much social good this alliance has made possible. It has brought emotional stability to two disrupted families. A small boy has a father to look up to. A growing boy has a mother to confide in. A young lady has a companion to share her life with, a gentleman has the soft, tender touch of a wife. It may not be all smooth-sailing, but whose life is, for that matter, even in a first marriage? Two sad families have come together to make one happy one. And that's one good example I'd urge other like-fated friends to emulate

SHOMA CHATTERJI, Bombay

In "this day and age" there are very few widow-remarriages so any example of it is something great. We are inspired by the knowledge that her family got her married; and we think highly of this middle-aged father who could very easily have got a young, unattached girl as a wife..

3rd PRIZE

A TASTE OF MONEY

I have just started earning a little bit of 'pin' money by doing a spot of free-lance journalism. This small income of my own has made me a very practical person and a cautious spendthrift (if you know what I mean). Prior to this, I was just another careless housewife who thought nothing of blowing up money at every sale in town. I did not bat an eyelid while making exorbitant monetary demands on my poor husband and sulked for days if he did not give in. Nor did I feel in the least bit guilty when I announced that we were 'broke' by the middle of the month!

But now, when I receive my (hard-earned) payment for my articles, I think more than twice about how I should spend it and, given a choice, I would much rather save it! I feel all housewives must experience what it is like to earn some money the hard way before complaining and grumbling that their husbands do not give them enough to spend on luxuries. Although the question of 'your money or mine' has never arisen with us, I am glad I have had the taste of earning even if in a small way. It has not only given me satisfaction and security but has also made me less demanding and more careful about spending money.

JYOTI LAJMI, Bombay

You're so right. It's only when you earn it yourself that you really come to value money. Most stay-at-home housewives will never know the thrill and the satisfaction of earning and then spending. Mind you, one can say the housewives "earn" their keep by looking after hearth and home but the sheer pleasure of earning is something else again.

2nd PRIZE

HIGH PRICE TAG

Have you noticed how the conventional 'good' woman is shortchanged by life? She begins by being a 'good', obedient daughter and is promoted to being a 'good', obedient wife. Her husband may (very graciously) permit her to work and will select the career most suited to her (the master knows best) and make all other bothersome decisions for her. Isn't life wonderful?

Maybe, the bright young girls who have 'live-in' boyfriends have the right idea. They keep their independence and have companionship, too, without sacrificing their personality in the process. Perhaps, the much-vaunted security of marriage carries too high a price tag. Probably the lack of it is what adds that extra zest to such a relationship. This idea of a casual arrangement replacing marriage maybe a good thing from a woman's point of view, after all.

What do other readers feel about it?

CEEDEE, West Bengal

More and more young people today are wary of marriage. Many who have broken (love) marriages behind them, feel it is essential to get to know the partner well in "marriage conditions" before tying the knot — and that's not always possible in Indian society. Marriage may have lost much of its credibility, but it's still the best bet in the absence of a viable alternative.

HEY, MADRASI!

I find it extremely odd that people in Bombay refer to all those who come from South India as Madrasis. Anything from the South, be it a restaurant or a performance is commonly called "Madrasi", even if it is from another State in South India. I take great pains to explain to people that not all South Indians are from Madras. They come from different States like Kerala, Karnataka, Tamil Nadu, Andhra Pradesh, and that 'Madras' is only with reference to Tamil Nadu. But so far all this explanation is in vain. This idea has been so deeply ingrained in the minds of the majority of the Bombayites for so many years, that it will take ages for them to get over it. It is not a question of not being secular, but I am only trying to correct a false belief that is in the minds of so many Indians.

USHA R. SHAH, Bombay

We would say it's only sheer ignorance that makes people "lump" all South Indians together under a sort of "brand name". And it's not only Bombayites — outside of the South itself, all of them are guilty of this.

STRANGE ARE THE WAYS. . .

I think the two incidents narrated here will interest your readers.

The first concerns a 25-year-old friend who bought himself a Vespa. He also bought a St. Christopher medal and had it fixed on his scooter the next day. The very first time he rode it after that, he knocked down a woman who, very fortunately, escaped with minor injuries.

The second concerns my own mother-in-law. One early morning she was on her way to Church. A man, obviously demented, attacked her with an iron tyre lever and hit her on the head. Bleeding profusely, she dragged herself home and collapsed. She had to have thirty-six stitches in her scalp.

Considering the intentions of these two people, I am convinced that, on both occasions, "God was asleep."

GEORGE T. FEGRADOE, Bombay

Not so! If the pedestrian had died, things could have been much worse for your friend. God was awake. Your mother-in-law could have been killed. Maybe her "intentions" saved her. God was awake.

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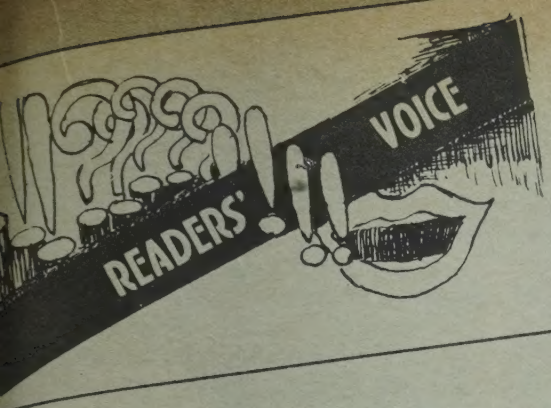

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us.

MORE ON URBAN LIVING

Your special issue on urban living (Dec. 27) was a pleasure to read. I particularly enjoyed reading "Oh, For a Roof And Four Walls!" by Lakshmi Narayan and "Growing Up — Urban Style" by Mala Vaishnav. Being born and bred in a city, I identified totally with the articles.

MADHAVI M. DESHMUKH, Bombay.

EXPLODES A MYTH

The article "Should Labour Pains Be Eased With Anaesthetics?" by Dr. Nargesh Motashaw (Jan. 10), has great significance for expectant mothers, as it explodes the old wives' tale that "it is not safe to interfere with nature." It is strange that in this day and age many believe these outmoded views. The article shows that modern woman has every right to avail herself of all that medical science has to offer to alleviate the pains of childbirth.

RITA RAJAMAHENDRA, Secunderabad

TIMELY WARNING

The article "Warning: Some Drugs Are Dangerous If You're Pregnant" by M. S. Kamath (Jan. 10) was informative. Premature deaths and disabilities are becoming heartbreakingly common. Some teratogenic factors have been positively identified, many others are still suspected of being harmful. The safety problem is not limited to drugs. Anything taken into the body is potentially dangerous. Recently it has been suggested that both tea and coffee may produce teratogenic effects. Similarly small-pox and rubella vaccination should be avoided as they may produce teratogenic effects.

RAMESHWARI B, Hyderabad.

GREATER PUBLICITY FOR LAMAZE

Your article "Schooling For Pregnancy" (Jan. 10) by Uma Kumbera Nain was very well written and should be read by every expectant mother and father. The active and understanding cooperation of the mother, the father and the doctor in the ante-natal and post-natal periods and during delivery will make pregnancy a unique experience, during which drugs and complications will be minimal and family planning will not need any more expensive propaganda.

I hope you will publish a list of places where the Lamaze method is taught, for the guidance of expectant mothers. I do conduct these classes and discussions and I hope more and more doctors will educate the mothers and the fathers to be active participants in this creative experience, which will make their matrimonial bonds stronger and happier.

DR. MATHEW JOHN, Bangalore

PREGNANCY AND CHILDBIRTH

Your issue on pregnancy (Jan. 10) covering various aspects relating to childbirth and pregnancy, was most interesting and informative, particularly because I am prospective mother carrying my first child. Mention was made of the Lamaze technique by Ms. Lalita Uttamsingh ("It's A Shared Experience"), which is used to ease the delivery of the child. It would be of much help if you could publish an article in one of the forthcoming issues of Eve's Weekly, giving details of the Lamaze technique. A lot of fear which haunts carrying mothers would then be removed and they can face childbirth more confidently.

RAJI SUBRAMANIAN, Madras.

ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 28, 198

WOMEN OF GUJARAT

An in-depth study of Gujarati women, and how they've been shortchanged by society. With a profile of the late Charumati Yoddha, whose contribution to the betterment of the status of women in the State was phenomenal. Also, a look into 'maitreyee karar' a system of contract marriages that exists in Gujarati society.

SUCCESSFUL GUJJUBEHNS OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN

An exploration of the Gujju success syndrome in the arts. And a peep at the career graph of the not-so-successful ones of the Hindi screen who have shone in Gujarati movies instead. On the stage, an attempt at understanding 'Hindu' as well as 'Parsi' Gujarati theatre and the personalities who have made a go of it.

MALE HAIR STYLISTS AND BEAUTICIANS

And all our regular features.

If Felcie Rangel had not babbled to friends and neighbours that she had seen one of the suspects in the Tivem (Goa) multiple murder case allegedly washing bloodstained clothes in a nullah, she might have been alive today. Police surmise that she was hacked to death to prevent her from serving as a witness in a possible murder trial. Her mother, the only other occupant of the isolated cottage at Mandel, was silenced forever with her. A terrible price to pay for gossip!

Gossip has been defined as 'idle talk, malicious lies'. Usually it is the victim, not the purveyor of gossip, who pays heavily for slander.

Gossip has personal as well as national repercussions. In wartime Britain, giant posters warned people "careless talk costs lives." A casual remark that a soldier husband was sailing for a strategic port; or that a daughter was employed at a munitions factory at a certain site, could lead to an attack on the troopship or the bombing of an arms depot.

MOTIVATION

While motivation for rumour, at the national level, is to discredit the government and bring down the persons in power, at the personal level, it is motivated by other factors.

"The gossip-monger," said Dr. S. D. Sharma, head of the department of psychiatry, Panaji Medical Hospital, "is largely motivated by envy. He is jealous of the status, talent and wealth of the person he gossips about, and wishes to discredit him. A sense of frustration or repressed anger may also drive him to spread malicious tales."

Often the gossip-monger has a marked sense of inferiority and lacks either conversation or social acceptance, or both. Hence the juicy titbits that get him attention or prestige since he is apparently in the know of the shady doings of well-known people.

Why do people listen to gossip? There is a natural tendency to listen to 'dirty' stories. It makes for a 'holier-than-thou' attitude, gives the hearer the warm, smug feeling that he is superior to the other fellow. And of course, gossip livens the conversation. "How dull it would be if people only said nice things about others," someone confessed at a party.

PUBLIC INTEREST

Today gossip does not only spice up party conversation; it is also used by the media to pander to public taste. Newspapers and books seem to be obsessed with the sordid side of the lives of public personalities. The titles of recent bestsellers, "Jackie O", "The Women Who Shared JFK's (Kennedy's) Bed"; "Up-stairs, Donwstairs", a peep into Cliveden, the country seat of the Astors, and M.O. Matthai's excerpts from the private life of the late Jawaharlal Nehru, are sophisticated versions of what the maid or butler once saw through a peephole. The public laps this up.

VIPs get their revenge through libel action or by simply ignoring gossip, assuming that a new scandal will erase the memory of a previous one. It is the average man or woman who suffers most. Libel is based on the written word but who can silence a vicious tongue?

An anecdote attributed at times to the prophet Mohamed, and at others, to a French cleric, compares gossip to scattering goose feathers in the wind. Idle or malicious words cannot be retrieved. And gossip travels at supersonic speed. A test probing the velocity at which gossip spreads was recently carried out by a university professor. He told a party of six students that a certain VIP would address them at the graduates' convocation. Later, 200 collegians said they had heard the news. "This was just a pleasant rumour," said the professor, "slander spreads faster."

Gossip or rumour mongering not only warps the personality of the habitual tattler, it also sours that of the victim. At Ela, the village where I live, I was chatting to a friend by the roadside when a woman passed by. She gave my friend a cold, curt nod in greeting. "She seems to be the exception to the effusively friendly Goan," I observed.

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale," said the friend. "When Mrs. A. first moved into the neighbourhood, she confided her problems to people. These confidences were terribly distorted. She now keeps socially aloof and does not enter into close relationships with her neighbours."

SLUR ON WOMEN

It is women, who are generally dubbed gossip-mongers; and the saying that "the fastest media of communication is the telegram, telephone and tell-a-woman," is obviously male-inspired. No doubt, some women have more leisure, between household chores, to exchange views over the compound wall. But any male member of the family will admit that salacious stories are also related in the bars in men's clubs or the locker rooms of gyms. "Kiss and tell" is a predominantly masculine failing; and many men are avid listeners of gossip.

America's late President Lyndon Johnson's favourite bedside reading were confidential reports on the private lives of Washington senators, submitted by J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI chief. Bobby Baker, a white House aide, tells this story: He had dropped in to hear a debate after a talk with President John Kennedy. Lyndon Johnson was conducting the debate. He summoned Baker to his side, and with a **grave mien** appropriate to the discussion of a political crisis, asked Baker, sotto voce, about JFK's latest sexual exploit.

A COMMON FAILING

Gossip and rumour mongering is not confined to any social class as the Johnson anecdote shows. A royal princess is said to have sought the company of a notorious gossip and whispered: "Now tell me all the dirt."

Putting off gossip by changing the subject when it verges on the salacious, or pleading "no names," please, if the story is under way, is not always successful. Perhaps a more drastic method is necessary. A junior employee in a firm, meeting his boss at a social do, said: "What would you do, sir, if you knew that a staff member had served a term in jail?" The executive looked at the young man coldly and said: "I would keep my mouth shut!"

Cecilia D'Souza

Some
of the most
beautiful moments
n a woman's life
are shared by
hatau.

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THE REAGAN FAMILY: HAPPINESS

Stephen Lewis

THEIR CHILDREN'S ACTIONS PROVOKE PARENTAL REACTIONS OF SURPRISE, FRUSTRATION, EVEN DISMAY. BUT IN THIS RESPECT NANCY AND RONALD REAGA ARE NO DIFFERENT FROM PARENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD

A time for rejoicing for Nancy Reagan. RIGHT: President Ronald Reagan loves to spend the weekends at his California ranch.

On the surface, it was a time for rejoicing and celebration. Private citizen, former Governor (and movie star) Ronald Reagan and his wife Nancy were on their way to Washington where on January 20, 1981, he was inaugurated as the 40th President of the United States of America. There were tears in Mrs. Reagan's eyes as friends, and daughter Patti Davis helped her pack up and leave her California home for the last time

During the campaign, every effort was made to give the impression that the Reagans are a typical American family. They are, in fact, more typical than many observers around the world may expect. Their high position has made them publicly conspicuous, but it has in no way given them an immunity to the same problems that many American families face.

"Nancy and her daughter Patti are more like two friends than a mother and daughter," a close family friend reveals. "The separation will be painful."

All the more painful, perhaps, because Mrs. Reagan and Patti went through a period of tension when Patti was having an affair with Bernie Leadon of the Eagles rock group. Against her mother's wishes, Patti moved in with her lover, creating not only a crisis within the family, but a public relations problem.

"I believe in the old fashioned values," Mrs. Reagan admits. President Reagan, too, has a conservative nature and so do many of his supporters. Patti, living with a man without benefit of marriage, posed a problem — and insiders say that she was pleased when her daughter ended the affair, moving back home for a time before taking an apartment of her own. Now, just when the two have become closer than ever, they will be a continent apart.

"I won't be living in the White House," Patti admits. "I have my own place." At 28, Patti is an attractive girl, an aspiring actress and singer-songwriter who realizes that her father's election to the nation's highest office is certain to give her career a boost. Patti has already signed an exclusive contract with a US television network, and will earn more than $100,000 (US) for her services.

"My parents have helped me," she admits. "They've put me in touch with that part of myself that wants to perform. But they haven't pushed."

As Nancy Davis, Mrs. Reagan was an actress herself (Patti uses her mother's last name) before she met and married Mr. Reagan. When she became a wife, she also became step-mother to the President's two children from his first marriage, to actress Jane Wyman, which ended in divorce.

"Mrs. Reagan has accepted that Patti is an independent woman. Mrs. Reagan loves clothes — designer gowns and tailored sportswear. Patti loves to wear jeans."

"I'm a terrible shopper," Patti confides. "I have a terrible time making decisions."

AND HEARTBREAK

Patti dropped out of college, and so did her brother, Ronald P. Reagan, 22, who is a dancer with New York's Joffery Ballet.

"A lot of people have tried to paint my mother as a domineering kind of woman. She's not. She's very sensitive. She's always tried hard to be there. In fact, she's tried a little too hard — but you can't find fault with a parent for that."

Ron, like sister Patti, has a strong-willed mind of his own. He took up ballet against family wishes, according to reports, and the Reagans were not pleased when he moved in with Doria Palmieri, at 29, seven years older than himself. Mrs. Reagan was deeply hurt by accusations that Ron was a homosexual, and by his live-in love affair with an older woman. When Ron and Doria were in Los Angeles, Mrs. Reagan expressed no interest in meeting the woman her son loved. And when the President and Mrs. Reagan flew to New York, Doria reportedly avoided a luncheon.

Over the Christmas holidays, however, there was an attempt at a truce. And a chance for Nancy to meet her new daughter-in-law. The surprise wedding that united Ron and Doria as man and wife last November shocked the Reagans, who officially expressed, "surprised delight" and good wishes. According to insiders, however, Mrs. Reagan had a different private reaction.

"She cried," our source reveals. "Her only son had gotten married and she wasn't even invited to the wedding!"

Ron appears to feel pressured by his father's success. "If he becomes President," Ron had said during the campaign, "I guess everyone in the family would be overshadowed to some extent. What else could we do? Run for God? That's what's good about ballet — no one can say you're only there because of who your father is."

While Nancy Reagan has excellent taste and loves comfort and luxury, Ron and Doria live the lifestyle of poor artists in New York's Greenwich Village. Family friends were pleased when the young couple accepted an invitation to join the Reagans at Blair House, the official government residence across from the White House, for the Inaugural ceremonies.

"Mrs. Reagan is trying very hard to accept Doria and the marriage for her family's sake."

But as the Inauguration neared, a remark of young Ron's caused new problems. He accused President Jimmy Carter of having "the morals of a snake," and said he would not shake hands with him on the day his father became President.

The President did not apologize for his son, but expressed the opinion that such remarks were "unnecessary." Reportedly, he's had long private talks with his namesake to guard against a recurrence of the incident.

Michael Reagan, the adopted son of Mr. Reagan and Jane Wyman, will also be a Blair House guest, along with his second wife, Colleen, an interior decorator. Once again, there are hidden tensions: problems that didn't become public knowledge as Michael made hundreds of campaign speeches for his father.

"Nancy lives and breathes for Dad," Michael says of his step-mother. "She's very protective of his time. Maureen and I were closer to her before Ron and Patti were around, We're not so close to her now."

Michael, who is in the grain alcohol manufacture and supply business, and his wife have a two-year-old son. Cameron is the Reagan's first grandchild, but he admits sadly that grandfather and grandson have seen one another "only a few times" since the boy's birth, despite the fact that Michael's family lives in California, only a half-hour's drive from where the Reagans lived before the move to Washington.

"Sometimes I've felt like I was fighting to volunteer," Michael says of the campaign. "Maybe it was embarrassing for headquarters to have Maureen and me at the forefront, and the real Reagan kids in the background."

Maureen Reagan is the natural child of the President and Jane Wyman — and very much her own woman. More than Patti, Ron, or Michael, she's always been very political, even when her politics differed sharply from those of her father. Active in the women's movement, and an outspoken supporter of the Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S Constitution, which Nancy Reagan opposes, as does her husband's party platform.

Tensions between Maureen and the woman whom her father married after his marriage to her mother ended in divorce may have begun as early as the time Maureen was eleven years old.

"I was delighted when Dad married her." Maureen says. "I named my horse after her. I don't know what more an 11-year-old can do to show devotion, though maybe she didn't take it that way."

Maureen is honest, to the point of being outspoken. As Patti is now doing, she made a stab at a show business career, and was the hostess of TV and radio talk shows. But she gave up. Why?

"I didn't want to be 40 years old and still be billed as someone's kid," she admits. Would she offer Patti any advice? The answer is **no** — and the explanation blunt. "We're not really like sisters," she confesses. "We don't have much of a relationship."

Maureen, who has been divorced twice, is reported to be seriously involved with a new romance.

President and Mrs. Reagan are in the national and international spotlight. America's First Family has traditionally been a moral symbol of the country — from the Kennedys to the Johnsons, Nixons, Fords, and Carters. It is interesting to note, however, that Mr. Reagan is the first divorced man to be elected to his country's highest office — a fact that reflects changing values.

Like all parents, Nancy and Ronald Reagan are of a different generation than their children and step-children (in Mrs. Reagan's case). Values and goals at times clash. Their children's actions provoke parental reactions of surprise, frustration, and at time, dismay. But in this respect, they are no different from parents all over the world who know that having a family means moments of happiness... tempered by moments of heartbreak.

After accepting the Republican Party presidential nomination in Detroit, Ronald Reagan and members of his family acknowledged delegates' ovation. From left are : son Ronald, daughter Patti, son Michael with grandson Cameron, daughter-in-law Colleen, and daughter Maureen.

TRAVELURE

A dignified polite people whose joy in living bursts forth at weddings, christenings and innumerable anniversaries and reaches a climax at the all-Goan festival of Carnival. This is the time to be in Goa, say HUGH AND COLLEEN GANTZER

GOA—FOR A SUPER HOLIDAY

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From the air Goa is a tiny (3,611 sq. km.) State, pressed by Maharashtra on the north, and Karnataka on the west and south, against the surfing Arabian Sea. Much of it is forested mountains in which rise nine rivers and numberless tributaries. Thus Goa is a land of snaking waterways, slim bridges, chugging ferries; and small, tight-knit, communities where the houses cluster close together up winding streets like Mediterranean villages, and fields spread in fat green patchwork quilts of prosperity.

And to this happy and unhurried land, came the Portuguese. They ruled from 1510 to 1961 and left their custom of siesta (all Goa closes from 1 to 3 p.m.) their Catholic faith and their gentle courtly, ways. Thus, the Goans are a dignified, polite people whose joy in living bursts forth at weddings, christenings, birthdays and innumerable anniversaries, and really explodes in the all Goan festival of Carnival!

And if you can possibly make it, this is the time to be in Goa.

Preparations for Carnival start months before the big day. Carnival is a competitive thing for every major hamlet with fancy dress balls and dancing, bands, balloons and bunting. And then there's the selection of the King Momos: the Lord of the revels. The entire atmosphere of Goa is alive with activity and excitement building up to its climax on the day of the great procession at Panaji.

The high altar of the Se Cathedral in Old Goa.

On that day the crow gather, lining the streets the yellow-and-white to from the early afternoo Street-side speakers bl pop music with a compu sive beat; bunting snaps the breeze; and, do little sunlit side stree bright floats appear brie and then vanish to ta their place in the assem ling restless cavalcade.

And then, at about thre the roar of motor-cycl trembles the air and ripple passes over the mas ed crowds: "They're co ing! They're coming!" Su denly, around the corn appears the bearded, mad up, bare-chested moto cycle-mounted honou guard of King Momo. A there, riding high on h regal float behind them, the King himself — robe crowned, commanding. T great procession has beg and King Momo comman all his subjects to have good time. Live bands floats; a street full of mo ing, swirling, twisting dan ers: another band from a other place, filling the str with sound; men on stilt tableaux; towering Mick Mouse and Donald Du and Goofy, bobbing; a c lourful horde of Disne folk and Cave Men a Creatures from Outer Spac And dancers, dancers, da cers . . .

Dancing is very much t greatest obsession at Car val: dancing in the stree in town squares, in c halls, on the sandy bea by bonfires and starlight.

But if you still have energy after a night of ri tous carnivalling, do a b more of Goa the next da

One of the many fancy dress balls that enliven the Goan nights at carnival time.

The beaches are a traveller's best friend. And there's a wide choice. There's Calangute, well-served by buses and tourist accommodation run by the government. This beach is just recovering from the first hippie invasion. OK for a family outing and picnics in the casuarina grove. Baga, slightly out-of-the way, casual, the occasional hippie, caravans: good if you can let your hair down a bit. Anjuna with its secluded red cliffs is a get-away place, not too accessible. Vagator is the last reachable hang-out of the tripping hippies. A bit overcrowded with hippie-viewing domestic tourists but fine for an early morning dip. Coconuts and snacks are, generally, peddled on all the beaches, but don't forget . . . watch out for the home-cooking boards in the villages you pass through. After a morning of tonic-fresh sun and sand you should be ravenous for a good Goan meal.

Fortify yourself well because every night is another dancing night at Carnival time. Carnival programmes are distributed by the Tourist Office and announced in the papers. Pick your dance, buy your tickets and let yourself go. Goans are zestful dancers and their bands are blood-stirring. The older generation cavorts in suits, most of the others limber-up in shirts and ties, many disport in more casual wear. But a great number deck themselves in fancy dress with a wild and wicked fancy: the first dance we gate-crashed spoofed verbose politicians (Donald Duck with a mike), cynically merging parties (The Queer Couple) and a disastrous Population Control Programme (sorry, we can't describe it!) So if you have a talent for dressing up you could win a prize and add spice to your vivacious Goan holiday. And don't expect to return before three, the others will probably leave at dawn!

Dawn, or a little after, is the best time to stroll through a fish market. It is particularly recommended for the camera-fan: a lucky shot of a mini-saried fish-wife and a haggling customer can have all the vivid impact of a French poster!

But for those who prefer their atmosphere more serene and historical, a call on Old Goa is a must. This historic suburb, 10 kms. away from Panaji, is a living museum of the best in Indo-Iberian culture: churches and chapels with weathered walls and breath-taking interiors; convents where nuns still echo centuries old chants; ruins towering stark and lonely in the sun; and the great Church of Bom Jesu where the body of St. Francis Xavier still lies miraculously uncorrupted in its glass-domed coffin. We particularly admired the Church of St. Cajetan with its Corinthian pillars and its gilded altar in the baroque style; the magnificent Se Cathedral with its many glittering shrines; the exquisite little

BELOW : "The Dazzling Sun" in the carnival procession in Panaji.

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CHAITRA-68

Royal Chapel of St. Anthony, restored in its beautiful shade of blue by the Portuguese Government in 1961; and the Church and Convent of St. Monica which, with its long corridors and silent courtyards, looks like a relic of old Lisbon. Incidentally, wave away the guides that cluster around. Get a copy of the Archaeological Survey of India's booklet on Old Goa written by S. Rajagopalan and do-it-yourself. It's far more rewarding — and accurate.

All these shrines are within walking distance of each other, but if you want to call on another monument and the last on this tour — you'll have to take a vehicle. This is the beautiful little Shiva temple, Sri Manguesh, 22 kms. from Panaji. Here, rising above the red hills, approached by a red path beneath the green palms and reflected in a green pool, is the stark, white, 400-year-old shrine with its strange octagonal tower. And, according to some of our travel-trade friends, it boasts the cleanest dharamsala in India! The interior of the temple is cool and glittering with tiles and glass and dangling chandeliers which tinkle frostly in the palm-whispering breezes off the sea.

We stood a while in the chill, still, glittering darkness while the pujari did ancient rites for a mother and child. And then we made a respectful namaste and padded out, barefoot.

We were relaxed and tired and contented. Goa spread away into the watered light of the green and shimmering distance. A gentle breeze brought the far, clear, tones of the Golden Bell of the Se Cathedral, chiming the prayer-time of angelus. And down the village road, an Easy Rider raced, throwing up a plume of red dust while his hippie passenger sang "Brown Girl in a Ring" in a feni-powered baritone. A group of brightly-dressed girls, washing clothes at a stream, stopped, looked up, giggled and dispersed like a posey scattered by the wind. And the surf roared its welcome from the sea. It was a perfect miniature of the Goan way.

The Shree Mangesh temple with its unusual white tower.

Yes, as we said before, Goa is all things to all men. And all women too, of course: particularly at Carnival.

CUT AND KEEP

TRAVEL PLANNER

GETTING THERE

Air. Dabolim Airport, 29 km from the capital Panaji, served by IA. **Sea.** Moghul Lines, Sept to May. **Rail** By meter-gauge with Londa junction on Miraj-Bangalore line. Best station for Panaji is Margao, (pronounced "Maadgaon") 34 km. **Road.** Direct buses from Bombay, 594 km, and Bangalore, 598 km.

BEST MONTHS

October to May, good; November to February, better; December and January, best. Tropical clothing with occasional light woollens for those who really feel the cold during Dec and Jan. It rains from June to September, 305 cm. Carnival is held on the last days before the moveable Christian feast of Ash Wednesday every four years. (Feb. 28 to March 3, this year).

WHERE TO STAY

The whole range from the Taj's Fort Aguada, Trade-Wings-Oberoi Bogmalo (both beach resorts) to Panaji's Mandovi, Fidalgo and the Tourist Hotel, all three ideal for the Carnival, to smaller establishments dotted all over the place with prices as low as Rs. 8 single. Also, enquire from Goa's Tourism Dept. for details of paying guest accommodation if your budget is tight.

TRANSPORT

Buses, crowded and adventurous.
Taxis, decrepit but swift. These can be shared with four other passengers.
Autorickshaws, noisy and unavailable when you want them. Easy Riders, hair-raising fun on a motor-cycle pillion for a fee and a buccaneer laugh, well worth trying if you have the spirit for the journey and a comb for after-journey maintenance.

FOOD

Spicy and delectable. Sea-food excellent and jumping-fresh particularly when cooked in private houses for transient visitors.
Chourisso is spiced Goa sausage. Vindaloo is a pork curry marinated in vinegar and spices almost as strong as a pickle.
Sarpotel is a very rich curry made from pig's liver and other dark meats and served in a highly spiced gravy.
Bebinca is a halwa-like sweet whose traditional recipe starts: "Take 40 eggs . . ."
Watch for cottage signboards announcing such fare.
The taverns are hospitable and their famed feni is a clear potation distilled from coconuts or cashew: handle with care if you're inexperienced.

CONTACT

Your local Government of India Tourist Office. The Department of Tourism, Government of Goa, Daman and Diu, Alfonso de Albuquerque Road, PANAJI 403 001.
The Regional Director, Government of India Tourist Office. 123 Maharshi Karve Road, Churchgate, BOMBAY 400 020.

FEEDBACK

If any of the people or organisations we mention in our writings do not give you the very best of service, write to us care of Eve's Weekly; we'll make sure that your complaint reaches the right quarters. And if even they drag their heels, we'll put it all down in our writings and warn other tourists to stay away.
Be frank, be honest, be reasonable and we'll yet make India a great country to travel in.

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nat looks soft,
eels silky,
adiates freshness...
nour after hour

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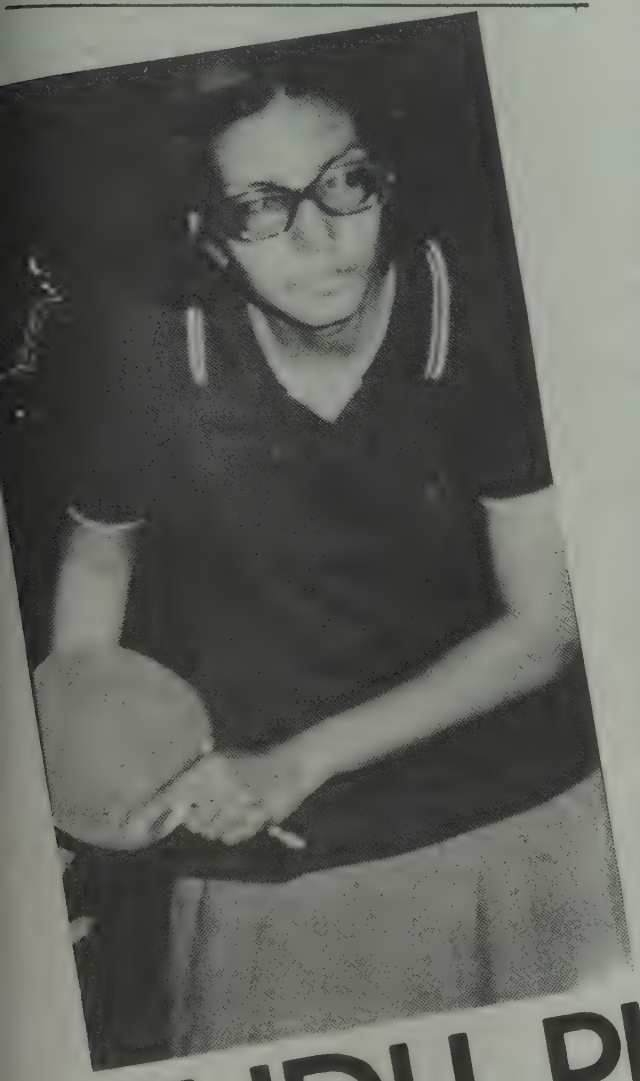
Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

INDU PURI IN TOP GEAR

Shirish Nadkarni



The Arjuna Award — India's highest prize for excellence in sports has very deservingly gone to national table tennis champion **Indu Puri.** The sprightly bespectacled left-hander who has made Delhi her home in recent years, hit the kind of form that made her virtually unbeatable in the country. Hard on the heels of her glorious triple crown in the inaugural Pentangular tournament, came her success in the women's singles of the recent table tennis Nationals at Bangalore.

Indu's rival in the finals was the player who has been her major partner in India's forays in the international arena, as also her major antagonist in domestic competition, **Shailaja Salokhe.** Both women had won the national crown thrice before they met in the 1980 final — Shailaja in 1974, '76 and '78, with Indu claiming it in 1972, '75 and '79. Considering the fact that the Nationals were not held in 1977, between them the two have juggled the national title to and fro for the last seven years.

In view of the closeness of the struggle between them, the final was expected to be a well-contested affair, though Indu with her recent burst of victories held the edge. As things ultimately turned out, the match was practically a no-contest, with Indu winning absolutely untroubled in three straight games. The essentially defensive Shailaja, who is perhaps the best woman player in the country under the expedite rule, was simply outhit and outmanoeuvred by a vastly quicker player. The left-handed Indu hit strongly on both flanks, and did not present the opportunity for the expedite rule to be enforced.

Three factors contributed to Shailaja's downfall. Firstly, there was Indu's own form. But for a loss to **Nandini Kulkarni** during the Maharashtra-Railways team final, Indu has been unbeaten for the last few months. In the Pentangular, which turned out to be such a fiasco at Hyderabad, with Sri Lanka and Pakistan failing to turn up and thereby reducing the competition to a triangular event, Indu was vastly superior to the Nepalese and Bangladesh girls, as also her fellow-countrywomen.

Indu topped her group during the semi-final league matches, winning all her three encounters, though she was given a good fight by Maharashtra's young **Vyoma Shah.** Shailaja, on the other hand, won two matches, but was beaten in the third by Nandini Kulkarni in five games, with the hard-hitting Nandini ruling the roost totally in the last two games. It was only on the basis of her victory over **Kalavathi Seetharam,** and a better win-loss aggregate that Shailaja went through to the final.

The second factor that went against Shailaja was a severe illness a couple of months ago. The after-effects of the sickness were apparent, for she was slower on her feet than usual. Also, she is getting no younger, and her reflexes were not what they were when she was at her peak in 1976. And the third factor that put psychological pressure on her was the sentence of "suspension" passed on her by her former employers, the Railways.

Thus it was that the country's No. 2 player could not play for Maharashtra, though she was permitted to enter the open events.

The performance of that bubbling left-hander from Bombay, Vyoma Shah, was the heartening feature of the tournament. Hitting a bad patch of form in 1979 and for the most part of 1980, it had seemed as if Vyoma would belie the promise she had shown when being picked to play for India at Pyongyang, Korea in the World Championships a couple of years ago. But she has now evidently come to terms with herself. She had a good run in the league matches, beating **Kashmira Patel** and **Kiran Wardekar Singh,** before going down in four stiff games to Indu.

However, her doubles combination with Nandini Kulkarni was pathetic in the team events. Right through the early rounds, the pair ran into rough weather, and were indeed lucky to escape being beaten by the Madhya Pradesh combination. Nandini, the skipper of the Maharashtra side, could well have utilised the services of Kashmira Patel, a good doubles player. But she obstinately stuck to her guns; and the two came to grief in the finals against Indu Puri and **Shraddha Sharma,** the pair which was to go on and bag the individual doubles title too. However, Nandini atoned for her tactical lapse by producing a stand-out performance to lower the colours of Indu Puri in the star clash.

That 21-14, 21-15 victory enabled Maharashtra to seal the fate of the Railways. Perhaps, it was poetic justice for the shabby way in which the Railways had treated Shailaja!

Niyati Roy proved that she was the best junior in the country by accounting for her Maharashtra team-mate **Kavita Ruia,** in three easy games. At no stage did Niyati look in danger of conceding the inititative. She should be ready for higher company soon.

In many ways, this was a trying National championship. The players were needlessly involved in a "parallel" tournament, in which players from Bangladesh, Nepal and Vietnam took part. Predictably, with the national singles title being far more important than any "parallel" crown, both Indu Puri and Shailaja Salokhe conceded walk-overs in the parallel tournament when it became clear that they were going to clash in the national final aga-

Photographs Courtesy : Shirish Nadkarni

ABOVE: Indu Puri—a recent burst of victories. LEFT: Nandini Kulkarni who beat Indu in the 1980-81 Nationals in the Maharashtra-Railways team clash.

inst each other. Since there was no rest day right through the proceedings, it was asking too much of the players to expect them to take one another on, and then take foreign opposition on as well!

The parallel tournament should have been ideally held after the Nationals. Since they were not eligible to play in the country's national championship, the players from abroad were much fresher and rested, while the Indians had eleven continuous days of competition, involving five or six matches a day in case they were playing in more than one event, as Indu was. In the event, the fact that she entered all three national finals was of much more importance than the fact that she did not figure in the 'parallel".

With the World Championships coming up shortly in Novisad, Yugoslavia, it is likely that the side that will represent the country will be picked from the nucleus of Indu, Shailaja, Vyoma and Nandini. At Pyongyang, the Indian girls won Group "B", and earned promotion to the "A" category, which features the top 18 nations in the world. It now remains to climb further up the world's table tennis ladder.

* * *

While the Indian men's cricket team has been earning mainly brickbats on its current tour of Australia, our women have been faring much more creditably in the home series against England. India did just about everything except win the first women's cricket Test against the visitors, falling short of the victory target by 28 runs, with just three wickets standing. The twists and turns that the course of the match took on the final day actually left both teams within sight of a win at one stage or another, before the actual ultimate result was achieved — a draw.

Indian skipper **Diana Edulji** performed a Gavaskar trick on the English captain, **Jill Powell.** Diana won the toss, and invited the opposing team to bat first on the Ferozeshah Kotla wicket. However, her tactic paid much richer dividends at New Delhi than did Gavaskar's at the Adelaide Oval. England's top-order collapsed against the medium-pace of former skipper **Shanta Rangaswamy** and Diana, while left-arm slow bowler **Sharmila Chakravarty,** who did so well in the national championships recently, also chipped in with three wickets.

England's total would have been even poorer but for a swashbuckling innings of 34 from **Janette Brittin,** who was to prove England's saviour in the second innings as well. Helped in a ninth wicket stand by the gutsy **Wendy Watson, Helen Slother** also contributed a valuable 21 runs to the English total of 113. At the close of the first day, India ended up in the driver's seat with 57 for the loss of two wickets. It was a disastrous start, with **Shobha Pandit** and wicket-keeper **Fowzieh Khalili** falling cheaply, but **Vrinda Bhagat** and that ever-reliable all-rounder **Shubhangi Kulkarni** prevented any further loss before stumps on the first day.

The second day at the Kotla saw the stand grow to 53 before Shubhangi left, caught behind for a well-made 34. A run later, India lost their star bat when Shanta Rangaswamy completely missed an intended leg-side flick, and was bowled round her legs, by **Sarah Potter.** But Vrinda played a long and disciplined knock, praiseworthy indeed for one making her debut for India; and was helped by **Susan Itticheriya** and captain Diana in raising a good total of 169. Diana's contribution was an unbeaten 30, and many felt she should have come in earlier than at No. 7.

The visitors were, however, in a much more resolute mood when they went in for their second knock. With Janette Brittin playing a flawless innings and skipper Jill Powell laying about her with a will, the Indian bowling came in for some punishment, and England finished the day, not only having wiped out the deficit, but also 27 runs to the good, for the loss of two wickets.

However, on the final day, the departure of Jill Powell for a strokeful 39 signalled a collapse. Once again, it was the combination of Shanta and Diana that caused the debacle, the former claiming a rich haul of five wickets to bring her match total to eight victims. Had it not been for the disciplined batting of opener Janette, who scored an unbeaten century, hitting exactly 100, England might have been in dire straits. Janette's superb contribution took England to 185 with the injured **Julie Pritchard** being unable to bat. Incidentally, the weight of the opening batswoman's innings may be judged from the fact that the last wicket pair for England added an invaluable 29 runs, with Wendy Watson able to get just 4!

In the final analysis, it was this gritty partnership that swung the match away from India. Set to score 130 in almost 170 minutes, India once again lost both openers cheaply. Shanta and Shubhangi retrieved the situation somewhat, but another collapse saw the home side tottering precariously at 82 for 6 wickets. Susan Itticheriya and Vrinda Bhagat, who was dropped in the batting order to provide tail-end support in case of a collapse then played out time. The former remained unbeaten with 15. Had England's star pacewoman Sarah Potter been able to bowl when India were chasing runs and losing wickets, the end of this tale might have been unpalatable for India. Unluckily for England, Sarah pulled a thigh muscle early in the Indian second innings, and took no further part in the match.

Perhaps a draw was the best result, being fair to both sides, who had had their moments of supremacy. It must be mentioned, however, that England came out of the tie with their tails up, since in the final reaches of the game, it had been India defending for dear life

Just three days later, India beat England in a one-day, limited-overs international at Jullundur. India, batting first, hit up 156 for 7 in their stipulated 45 overs, with Vrinda, Shubhangi and Susan yet again being the key scorers. Sharmila Chakravarty then gave a fine exhibition of left-arm spin bowling to capture 4 wickets for 17 runs, to send England crashing to 84 all out, — a massive 72-run defeat. Only opener **June Edney** was able to make a sizable contribution to her side's total, hitting 32 runs.

So India are riding on the crest at the moment. However, the English side cannot be taken lightly, as the first three drawn, equally-fought Tests demonstrated. There are still two Tests to go (at the time of writing) before the tour runs its course on 27th February. The feeling persists that we cannot write off this English side, particularly the Powell twins, who have come to India with a fair reputation.

The Indian Women's Cricket team and the English Women's Cricket team at Hotel Sea-Rock, Bombay.

INTERNATIONAL SPORTSWOMAN OF THE MONTH

The vote this time goes to that American tennis prodigy, **Andrea Jaeger,** who will soon turn 16 years of age. Andrea scored her record consecutive victory over 1980's top earner on the professional circuit, **Martina Navratilova,** formerly of Czechoslovakia, and now a naturalised U.S. citizen. Andrea, who became the youngest competitor ever to reach the semi-finals of the U.S. Open, is all set to take the Wimbledon crown in a year or two, at the most. She is certainly the most improved tennis player of 1980.

FOR THE PLAIN CENTRE :

1¼ tbsps. icing sugar, sieved; 1½ tbsps. milk powder; 3 drops any essence; a few drops edible food colour.

FOR THE COFFEE CENTRE :

1½ tbsps. icing sugar; 1 tbsp. milk powder; ¾ tbsp. instant coffee.

FOR THE COCONUT CENTRE :

1½ tbsps. icing sugar; 1½ tbsps. milk powder; 4 tbsps. desiccated coconut.

FOR THE NUT AND CHERRY CENTRE:

1 tbsp. tutti-fruiti; 2 tbsps. cashewnuts and walnuts, chopped; 1 tbsp. icing sugar; 1½ tbsp. milk powder.

FOR THE CHOCOLATE COATING:

5 tbsps. icing sugar; 2 tbsps. milk powder; 2 tbsps. drinking chocolate; ½ tsp. cocoa powder; 2 tsps. ghee, melted; a few drops lemon juice; a few drops water; a sheet butter paper; printed aluminium foil for wrapping.

TO MAKE THE CENTRE :

1. Mix all the ingredients together given for each centre in the required quantity of water using a dropper.

2. Mix well and make a firm dough. Divide into four to five equal portions and shape as desired. Let them dry completely for at least five to six hours.

FOR THE COATING :

3. Sieve all the dry ingredients twice to remove lumps if any. Put the mixture in a pan and add ghee and lemon juice. Hold the pan over another pan of boiling water and beat the mixture, adding cold water gradually into the mixture till a coating consistency is reached.

4. To coat the chocolates, dip the dry centres, one by one and place them on a sheet of butter paper. Let them dry for five to six hours.

5. Wrap each piece of chocolate in a colourful printed aluminium foil. Store in air-tight containers.

4

5

Jyoti Parekh

Photographs : Talyob Badshah

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FULL OF LIFE AND LIGHT

1943. St. Joseph's Convent, Trichur. A variety entertainment is in progress. A 11-year-old girl, nimble as a gazelle, is dancing. Her performance is almost ethereal — despite the painful swelling in her ankle.

After the repeated curtain calls, one of the august members of the audience watching the performance tells the child's mother, "Your child is so light on her feet that it seems unnatural. I'm afraid for her — do something to ward off the evil eye."

Two weeks later, the same little girl, laughing, skipping and climbing trees in the compound of her grandmother's home in Kerala, is down with high temperature, a peculiar pain in the diaphragm while bending, and an immobility of the jaws. The next morning, the legs that moved like lightning feel like lead. She is afflicted with polio.

The little girl's name: Miss Lakshmi Menon. Today, she is Mrs. Lakshmi R. Nizamuddin, President of the National Society for Equal Opportunities for the Handicapped (NASEOH). Her story has a Cinderella-like quality about it. But, fairytale and miracle apart, it is evidence of a "transformation" that can be brought about very much on earth by "a love for living" and "just being oneself," as Mrs. Nizamuddin put it.

Lakshmi, once so agile and light on her feet, was unconscious for two days, her bladder was blocked for 60 hours. After three days, she recalled, "My spirit was back... I was delighted to see the monkeys!" A week later, though she could sit up leaning on pillows, and in two weeks, stand with help as the left hip was very weak. Keeping a hand on it for support while walking only aggravated the strain on the spine, which showed signs of a slight curvature.

The orthopaedic surgeon suggested two or three graftings in the knee (which she was unable to bend), but the family was dead set against it. She was then admitted into the General Hospital, Madras, where she was to stay for a year and a half. During that time, she was in a plaster cast for seven months and the mould was sent to London for a "tailor's brace." She also underwent physiotherapy and hydrotherapy and moved about in a wheel-chair. She was 13 then.

"I really cried the day I was admitted into the hospital," she remembered. "But then my spirits always bounce back — after touching rock-bottom! I don't need to put in any extra effort to be cheerful."

Which was why the hospital staff coined such an apt nickname for her: "Sunbeam." It was the epithet they gave her for the warmth and sunny cheer that she radiated always. The hospital had a ward reserved for its elite patients. Whenever anybody from this ward was depressed, "Sunbeam" would be sent for.

There was a Burmese patient, she recalled, who was suffering from cancer of the larynx. "He used to call me over to share his four-course lunches with him!"

Lakshmi also came to be known as "Cupid's post-box," for she was the intermediary in all the hospital romances. "They even used to ask me for advice," she remembered with impish delight.

Despite the fact that she had often to be carried around in public, she had not suffered from "adolescent blues." "I used to talk a lot — perhaps to compensate for not walking!" Nurturing all along an interest in medicine, she would voluntarily go to a new patient, ask him his symptoms, read the books that medical students left in her room between classes and often listen to ward lectures.

She watched a lot of people in their moments of anxiety, the medical faculty at work and bedside manners of all sorts. "Maybe I had a higher threshold of endurance or may be it wasn't so bad." Whichever way it was, she made the most of that 18-month period of confinement.

"There was just something in me which said, "Go ahead and be." Today, married and mother of a grown-up son, and President of NASEOH, she manages on her own, largely, except when it comes to negotiating steps. She has also, she said, a trace of agarophobia when alone — "the fear of not knowing what will happen to me if I cannot get across."

Lakshmi received no formal education after the polio struck. Life at home in Cochin and Trichur had always been secluded. But her mother had always given her the importance of a person in her own right from her young age. Being the eldest child in the family, Lakshmi took on the responsibility of looking after her siblings. She would also help her mother in the kitchen.

A zest for life and an inherent interest in the sick inspired her to launch an association for the handicapped in Hennur, Karnataka, in 1958. In 1974 NASEOH was founded entirely by virtue of public donations. It caters to all categories of the handicapped — the blind, the deaf, the orthopaedically disabled, the paraplegics and the mentally retarded. NASEOH registers the cases and then they are directed to the various medical disciplines for their assessment.

The mentally retarded, for instance, are sent to the National Institute of Mental Health and Neuro-Sciences (NIMHANS), the deaf to the Institute of Speech and Hearing. A detailed medical check-up is done free of cost. So reference from NASEOH goes a long way.

A school for deaf students was recently opened by NASEOH in Bangalore. Mrs. Nizamuddin's desire is to give these children the best.

Her own handicap has nurtured her interest in helping the sick. But one of the main factors contributing to the successful reconstruction of her life, she felt, was "my wonderful husband who just allowed me to be." She considered herself extremely fortunate in this, particularly in our society, where women are discriminated against so much.

When polio struck, it became a foregone conclusion that the traditional arranged marriage would be difficult. Today, happily married to Mr. A. R. Nizamuddin, Transport Commissioner, Bangalore, Lakshmi Nizamuddin recalled gaily how she had met "this very formal gentleman always dressed in a suit." Mr. Nizamuddin was then (in 1959) ASP in Nanjangud and they met through her cousin, a Sub-Divisional Officer. "I would have loved to have had an on-the-clouds romance," said Mrs. Nizamuddin with a twinkle in her eye. "but these Virgoans are so prim and proper!"

Did she have any regrets? The handicap had foiled her ambitions of doing medicine and learning one of the performing arts. "But I have the confidence and the capacity to do better than most normal people," she said, which is indeed true. Her life has been not only happy and satisfying to herself, but she has made better use of it to help others.

In the meanwhile, "between the idea and the reality," Mrs. Nizamuddin has not allowed the shadow to fall and frustrate her.

Nandini Bhaskaran

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"WE LEARNED TO HATE..."

A CHRISTIAN YOUTH SPEAKS OUT

"Christianity," I was told in school, "is the only true religion, and the Roman Catholic Church, the only true church." In the Catholic school where I studied I was taught that idolatry was wrong and all gods other than the One True God were false gods. While confession wiped out my sins, the non-Catholics had no hope for Salvation.

We learned to hate the Jews for killing Jesus, the Muslims for occupying our holy lands and fighting several wars against us, and the Hindus and Sikhs for worshipping false gods and indulging in superstition.

Yet, we prayed in front of statues and crosses. We built shrines to pay homage to saints, and made all kinds of offerings. We even had big fairs to celebrate their feasts.

"The Christian mission was to baptise the heathen world." In a quest to fulfil this mission I decided to become a priest and at the tender age of 14 I joined an Apolistic school run by Spanish Jesuits. It was here that I was exposed to the quality of life of persons who had taken a vow of poverty, and pledged their lives to the service of God and humanity. This is where my disillusionment started, and my quest for the truth began.

Luckily I had a lot of non-Catholic friends, and while I did not recognise their gods and religions, they did not look at me in the same way. Though Christ had preached tolerance and love, I saw non-Christians practise it; we didn't. We went to Church, and received the Sacraments, but the lives we lived were certainly not "Christian."

In 1974, a campaign was launched against "Maligning a Minority." Christians, a minority community, were allegedly maligned by the media, mainly in commercial films. We were portrayed as drunkards, bootleggers. No one reminded us then, of the way all other religions were maligned in our educational institutions. It was at this stage that I began to rethink about my position as a member of a minority community.

Then I saw the campaign against "The Freedom of Religion" bill. Here again I asked: why the opposition? Conversion is the main issue which is being highlighted. If the Church's conscience is clear why should it be against this clause? If the Church is sure that converts are very clear about their decisions, why should they fear any investigation? Does our constitution not guarantee freedom to propagate and practise any religion?

Christians, like Muslims, Parsees, Buddhists, and others are supposedly a minority community in this nation of Hindus. I have been asked so often how minorities rate among others in this country. My first reaction is — why distinguish between majority and minority on the basis of religion? Who has made these divisions? I will not speak for other communities, but as a representative Christian, I feel the blame is ours, at least partly. The people in power since 1947 have, like the British before them, been playing the game of divide and rule. Even today we see this happening. We have played right into their hands. By building barriers around ourselves, by thinking of ourselves as a separate entity, we too have played a role in creating these distinctions.

The moment we ask for special treatment as a minority, we separate ourselves from the mainstream of national life. We should learn to compete as equals. A person's religious beliefs are his private affair, and no

reference to them should be allowed in public life. Application forms, Census reports, etc., should not make any mention of religion. Any kind of discrimination, anywhere, on grounds of faith, ought to be brought to public notice, criticised and punished severely. The same treatment ought to be meted out to anyone inciting communal hatred. The only divisions allowed should be between literates and illiterates, with the former having full powers to "convert" the latter. And finally — a drastic step, but it has to be taken — religious organizations should be made to restrict their activities only to conducting worship. They must keep out of all other activities. Educational institutions should be run by public trusts which are strictly secular in nature. Only then can we achieve true secularism.

Archie D'Souza

TENNIS ANYONE?

Visitors to the Bandra Gymkhana, situated in a prominent Bombay suburb, coud not have failed to notice in the mid-seventies, the youthful vigour and grace of a slim, boyish figure on the tennis courts.

Today Christabelle Fernandes is a poised young lady of nineteen, who has improved upon her performances of those early days, and is the No. 1 player of the McNeese State University tennis team in Louisiana, U.S.A.

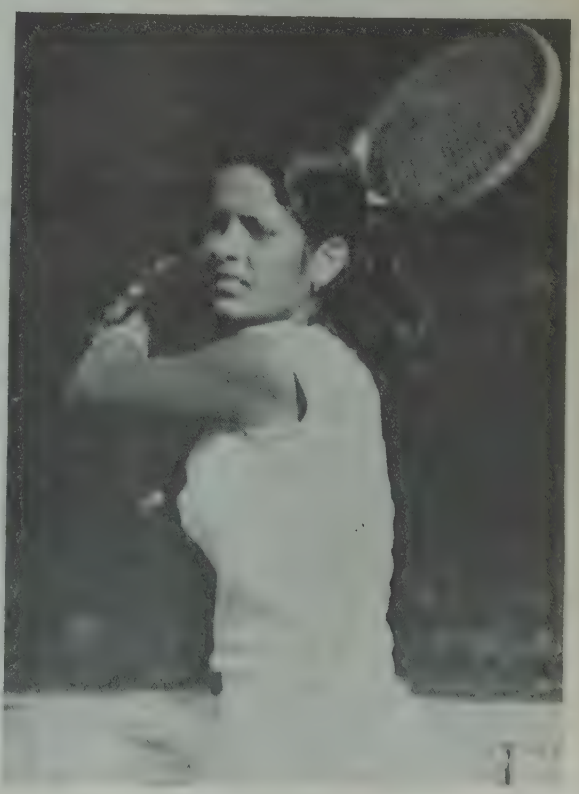
"Christel" (as she is affectionately known) has always done well at both sports and academics. She started out by being the athletics champion of her school. Avabai Petit, and won laurels at the inaugural Cadbury Inter-City athletic meet in Delhi in 1976. Her first class at the S.S.C. in 1977 found St. Xavier's College welcoming her into the fold. At around this time, the inaugural inter-state ladies' tournament was held in Bangalore and Christel was awarded a special trophy for being the most promising and stylish player.

Her achievements on the courts encouraged her father, a purser with Air-India, to send her to Deerfield, Massachusetts, for tennis training at the All-American tennis camp. She did not let her parents down, and won the Best Sportsman trophy for both on-court and off-court behaviour. She also underwent rigorous training at Harry Hopman's famous tennis school in 1978. The same year saw her being sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive for a short tennis circuit of eight weeks in Louisiana. Her wins in the Under-18 event led to McNeese University offering her the sports scholarship.

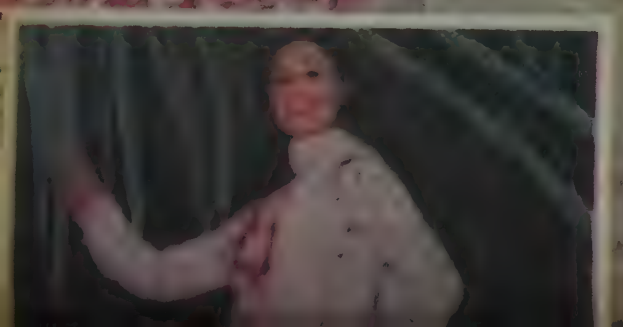
Air-India have since then given her special facilities, offering to fly her free to any place where she wishes to participate in an open tournament. So far, the lack of a sponsor has precluded the chances of her playing in as many places as she would have liked to.

By the time Christel gets back to this country in mid-1983 she will be 22, and will have gained enough experience of playing in the States to seriously challenge the Indian topnotchers for the position of the country's champion. Amreeta Ahluwalia and Anu Peshwaria, look out!

Shirish Nadkarni



THE WINNING COLLECTION



This is the second of twelve fashion features which will enable you to win a wardrobe from the most popular and exclusive boutiques of Delhi and Bombay, NALINI SAREES. This "Winning Wardrobe" scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated December 6 and 20, 1980.

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BORN AGAIN

Nomita Grover

PART ONE

SEEMA had never been so elated in her life. She had known happiness before, but this sensation pulled at the very roots of her emotions; she bit her lips to prevent the tears from rolling down her cheeks; no, she firmly checked herself, this was no moment to drown herself in a flood of emotions, this was a moment of thanksgiving — to God, to all the people who had stood by her through the devastating tide of events that had threatened to reduce her life to a mass of ruins. This was, she cautioned herself, the much-hoped-for turn-around she had been seeking all these days from a hopeless, almost frightening point of no return.

In the past she had allowed money to slip through her fingers, money given to her by indulgent parents and adoring elder brothers. She didn't even bother to keep an account of all her minor expenditures. But that was way back, before she got married, much before she faced the harsh realities of life that had stormed down cruelly on her over the past few years. The past, she had convinced herself, was dead and buried, and only the future beckoned hopefully; there was to be no more looking back, no more place for self-pity.

This was an entirely novel experience for her, for this was her own hard-earned money. She held her pay-cheque between the fingers of both her hands feeling the crispness of the paper. She read again the letters printed boldly on it — her name and the full amount payable to her as her last month's salary. Not a fantastic amount, but coupled with the fixed deposit at the bank which she had received as a settlement, plus a small inheritance, it was enough to maintain a decent living, she mused, enough to be on her own, and enough to boost her self-esteem. It was a crossed cheque she noticed, so she must rush during the lunch-break to deposit it in her bank account; she shouldn't forget to withdraw some cash, too, she was in a celebrating mood.

Being the only daughter of her parents, she never had to worry about anything at home, be it clothes, cosmetics, jewellery or unlimited pocket money. She got whatever she needed even before she asked for it. All that folly, self-centeredness, she had repented later; repented not learning the value of money, the values of life, not learning to appreciate the affection showered upon her by doting parents, brothers and their wives. What a spoilt brat and a fool she had been! She had often rebuked herself for squandering the many opportunities so near and within her reach.

College days for her were one enjoyable dawn rolling into another, hours spent in restaurants, movies and beauty parlours. She never thought much of those girls in her class who spent hours in the library with their noses in books struggling to make their way in life. But what amazed her most was that the same girls didn't stay away from any of the college social activities or refrained from eating out at restaurants. They appeared to be enjoying all aspects of life with more vigour than Seema herself did, and she had often noticed them at the glittering shopping centres no less hynotised than she herself. Seema had often wondered what made them so equally involved in all activities. She preferred to stay away from those dull, grey classrooms and those fat, boring books she so hated to carry in her arms. Why need girls be so conscious of their future career, she often asked herself.

When her parents realized that it was useless forcing her into further education, they decided to get her married. She had of course finished her B.A. and had also found out that higher education was not her cup of tea. She was twenty and was not opposed to getting married. To her it was a much simpler solution than searching for a suitable job; so stupid of her, she had realised much later in life. Despite their middle income status, Seema was pampered by having a much more lavish life than normally could be afforded. Only her four sisters-in-law expressed their tight-lipped disapproval. They all came from middle-class families which instilled in them the value of education and hard work, the need to acquire some kind of trained skill. To them therefore Seema's uninhibited life-style was irksome.

But shrewd as they were, the sisters-in-law preferred to shy away from any confrontation. Only once did Seema's eldest bhabhi comment on her irresponsible habits. "Unless you earn your own, how on earth are you going to maintain such a lavish standard later on? I mean after you get married? A middle-income man really couldn't offer you this much!"

The statement sparked quite a scene at home. Seema's mother strongly resented it and Seema sulked and brooded over it for days. Finally Seema's bhabhi was forced to come and apologise to her; it was her mistake, she stated, to have spoken aloud something she really meant for Seema's good, something she believed in. Her apology satisfied Seema's ego, but it also made her think about herself. She caught the sharp glint of truth in what her bhabhi had said. The cold truth struck her and for the first time she tried to assess herself. She realized she had been brought up amidst abundance. With her expensive habits and tastes, she couldn't possibly pass the rest of her life with a poor man. She was reluctant to climb down from her comfortable roost and live her days tied down to budget strings. So when her parents went out on a groom hunting spree, Seema was very emphatic about a prosperous man for herself.

If only, Seema had thought later in life, she had been smarter and acted more wisely in those days! If only she had been more practical and less glamour struck! Bhabhi was so right, Seema thought, looking at her cheque again. If only she had not been so stupid, things would have been so much simpler later in life, providing her with the economic independence she so badly needed. Better late than never, she consoled herself. She looked at her cheque again; then slowly she bent her head over her desk and rested her head on her arms; her lips quivering, she said her silent prayers. "Thank you God for a new lease on life. Thank you for opening my eyes, bringing me to my senses...thank you for your kindness...for liberating me. I feel free, twice-born. Life again holds for me a bright future."

So much time had passed by since that fateful day when Seema ran away from her husband's

house like one possessed. All that she knew was, she must run, run for life, for her own as well as for the unborn within her. She didn't know where to, but for a long time she had just wanted to escape from the hellish life she was trapped in. Her instinct was to escape.

The past three or four years had been pretty hard on her. The trauma of her marital life had left her in a shambles — mentally, physically and emotionally — with deep scars in her mind. It forced her to seek psychiatric help for a while. The fact that she was in the family way at that time didn't make things any simpler. Things however improved after Pappu's birth. The baby kept her so occupied day and night, Seema barely had time to think about herself; the baby helped to distract her mind from her tormenting past. It was a blessing; Pappu was like God's precious gift to her during those dark difficult days, a tiny flicker of light at the other end of the long black tunnel she was hobbling through. The light swirled and beckoned to her as she groped ahead to free herself from the memories of the vicious past that clawed and gnawed within her.

ed to be married, but her brothers, well-established in their professions, bore most of the heavy expenses of her marriage. The wedding had been performed in great style, exactly the way Seema had wanted it. Her insistence on a rich husband forced her parents to settle for a man much older than her. So what? Seema had shrugged her shoulders, he would be more mature.

The groom had been married before, she was informed. So what? Seema had argued, so many people marry more than once!

The groom's first wife had died long back during childbirth, so people said. Who was interested in the dead? So the match was settled. Seema wanted a rich husband and she got

She sat there in silence with downcast eyes, a commodity on sale, in a situation which was of her own creation. Each time she raised her eyes to watch the old lady in front of her, she found herself being stared at

Tonight, Seema thought bravely, she must go on a shopping spree, with her own hard-earned money. True, Rs. 600 wasn't much these days, but she would put herself on a budget and try to manage. No more charity for her. Tonight she must buy some gifts for her brothers, their wives and their children; nothing too fancy or expensive, but something to express her gratitude to them for standing by her during her difficult days. They would appreciate, Seema was sure! And of course, something for Pappu, her precious possession.

Seema had those secret misgivings before his birth, that he might be born with some flaw, mental or physical, considering all the pressures thrust upon her during her pregnancy. Thank God again! Everything turned out to be fine and her Pappu, now over three years old, was a perfectly normal, healthy baby. She must remember to buy him some crayons he had been asking for. Maybe something for herself too? No, that could wait, Seema sternly told herself. Unfortunately, her parents were no more, to share her happiness; they didn't live long enough to see Pappu arrive. The shock of Seema's traumatic marriage was too much for them to bear. They had died within one month of each other.

* * * *

All of Seema's four brothers were much older than her; she was born when her parents were in their late forties. Her father had retired when she was engaged to be married, but her brothers, well-established in their professions, bore most of the heavy expenses of her marriage. The wedding had been performed in great style, exactly the way Seema had wanted it. Her insistence on a rich husband forced her parents to settle for a man much older than her. So what? Seema had shrugged her shoulders, he would be more mature.

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The groom's first wife had died long back during childbirth, so people said. Who was interested in the dead? So the match was settled. Seema wanted a rich husband and she got him. The groom was the only son of his parents, about thirty-five years of age. Seema was twenty. The family ran a business — electrical goods. An only sister was married early and was settled abroad. Seema's parents were secretly pleased at the small size of the groom's family. That meant less friction at home, they told themselves, and less in-law problems. They prayed for a peaceful and happy wedded life for their only daughter; they wanted nothing else.

No, the groom's family conveyed, they didn't care for dowry, they had enough of their own. But positively, they wanted the marriage to be performed in a manner befitting their social status; and of course, the groom's mother argued, what kind of parents would send their only daughter to her in-laws empty-handed? Why should gossip-mongers be given a chance to whisper in the dark? Why should anyone be allowed to make snide remarks about the groom's in-laws being indigent? Why should anyone be allowed to carry back wrong impressions about the bride's family?

After all, the groom's mother argued, the girl's folk were not really poor, considering the good standard of living they maintained. They couldn't be really poor with their four earning sons. Seema's parents heard the old lady in silence; they got the hint all right, and they also noticed

Continued on page 49

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WHERE TO EAT

We begin our new feature "Where to eat" with the not very widely known but nevertheless delicious cuisine of Kutch. And there is one place where this food is served — real, authentic Kutchi cooking. Aram Restaurant, situated at Mahim, Bombay, is run by four brothers from Jamnagar — Ramesh, Kiran, Dilip and Pradip Bhatt — all of whom cook and manage the entire restaurant under the expert guidance of their mother. The entire surroundings and the interior have a distinctive Rajasthani decor — inlaid mirror and jade work with patchwork embroidered panels and "torans", depicting scenes of Kutchi men and women labouring in the fields. And once you're in the restaurant you are enthralled by the typical Kutchi folk songs.

The food served is incredible. A thali for example, consists of innumerable dishes — bajra rotla, dal, kadhi, vegetables, farsan, papad, khichdi, buttermilk, sweet and of course a thaliful of pickles and chutneys. But the price comes a little high — Rs. 15 a thali. And when this was pointed out to Ramesh, one of the brothers, he readily agreed and said, "We are shortly introducing a thali which will cost Rs. 10" (inclusive of all the above items). The difference will be only in the quantity. The Rs. 15 thali will be unlimited, whereas the Rs. 10 variety will get only one helping of each dish.

But for those of you who cannot visit Aram and taste the tantalising dishes, here are the recipes which you can try at home.

BAIGAN BHARTHA

1 kg brinjal (baigan)
1 bunch coriander leaves
25 grams ginger, chopped
6-7 green chillis
6 cloves garlic, flaked
2 onions
2 tomatoes
100 grams green peas (optional)
1 inch piece cinnamon
2-3 cloves
Salt to taste
Groundnut oil
1 tsp. mustard seeds
1 tsp. cummin seeds
½ tsp. asafoetida
½ tbsp. coriander powder
Red chilli powder to taste
3 small cups sour curds (optional)

Wash and completely dry the brinjals. Smear the groundnut oil over the surface of the brinjals. Slowly roast them over direct fire (sigdi) till the brinjals are well cooked. Immediately remove the brinjal skins. Collect the pulp in a separate container. Beat the pulp well. Mix a little of the raw groundnut oil in the pulp. Clean and finely chop the onions and tomatoes. Keep aside. Heat oil in a dekchi. Put in the mustard seeds, cummin, cinnamon, cloves, asafoetida. Let them splutter. Grind the garlic, ginger and green chillis coarsely and add to the mustard-cummin seed mixture. Let the mixture brown. Then add the finely chopped onions. Cook well. Now mix the red chilli powder and coriander powder in the brinjal pulp. Mix well and add to the above fried mixture. Cook for eight to ten minutes. Remove and add coriander leaves and chopped tomatoes.

TO MAKE WITH CURDS :

Prepare the bhartha as above but add green peas along with the onions and cook well. Lastly add the beaten curds when the entire mixture is well cooked. If adding curds, increase the quantity of your seasoning accordingly.

MASALA KHICHDI

250 grams green gram dal (moong)
250 grams rice
Salt to taste
1 inch piece cinnamon
10 peppercorns
4-5 cloves
Groundnut oil
1 tsp. mustard seeds
1 tsp. cummin seeds
½ tsp. asafoetida
1 tsp. coriander powder
5 small cups sour curds (optional)
2-inch piece ginger
8-9 green chillis
1 bunch coriander leaves
6 cloves garlic, flaked
2 onions
2 tomatoes
100 grams green peas, boiled
50 grams green grams, boiled
50 grams field beans (lilva)
Chilli powder to taste

Clean and wash the dal and rice. Soak them in water for an hour. Cook both together in sufficient quantity of water. Add extra water if necessary. Add the whole peppercorns only after the rice is cooked. Cool the rice in a large thali. Chop the onions and tomatoes finely and keep aside. Heat the groundnut oil. Fry the mustard, chopped ginger, cummin, cinnamon, cloves and asafoetida till they splutter. Grind the ginger, garlic and green chillis coarsely. Add to the above mixture. Fry till brown. Add the chopped onions, green peas, green gram and field beans. Cook well and lastly add the cooked rice. Add salt to taste, red chilli powder, coriander and cummin powder. Mix well and cook for a further ten minutes. Remove and garnish with the chopped tomatoes and green coriander.

FOR DAHI MASALA KHICHDI:

Cook the khichdi as above. Add the curds together with the rice. Mix well.

PURAN POLI (KUTCHI STYLE)

500 grams tur dal
500 grams sugar
500 grams wheat flour
20 cardamoms
1 nutmeg
500 grams pure ghee
10 tbsps. rose water
20 almonds (optional)

Heat sufficient water to boiling point. Clean and wash the tur dal. Add to the boiling water. Cook till the dal is soft. When the dal is cooked, add the sugar and mix well. Cook till the sugar dissolves and the mixture is completely dry. Chop the almonds finely and add to the above mixture together with the powdered nutmeg, cardamom and rose water. Mix well. Remove and keep aside.

FOR THE DOUGH:

Blend the ghee in wheat flour. Add water if necessary and form into a pliable dough. Divide into equal balls. Roll each ball into a small chappati. Put in the dal mixture and once again make a round ball. Roll again into a fairly thick chappati. Roast on pre-heated tava on both sides.

Before serving smear the hot puran poli with pure ghee and serve.

MASALA ROTLA

250 grams millet flour
100 grams gram flour
50 grams wheat flour
50 grams coriander leaves
50 grams fenugreek leaves
3 onions
15 cloves garlic, flaked and ground
2 2-inch pieces ginger, ground
Red chilli powder to taste
Coriander and cummin powder
Sesame seeds
Salt to taste
Groundnut oil

Mix together the millet flour and gram flour. Add the chopped coriander, finely chopped onions and ground ginger-garlic paste to the mixed flour. Add water and bind together to a pliable dough. Mix together the red chilli powder, coriander and cummin powder, sesame seeds and salt to taste. Add to the above dough. Mix well and finally add the oil. Divide the dough into ten equal balls. Roll each ball into fairly thick chappati using the remaining wheat flour. Roast in a little ghee on a pre-heated tava on both sides till well baked. Remove and serve hot.

ROTLA BHAJIA

2 cups gram flour
2 tsps. red chilli powder
1 tsp. soda bicarb
Salt to taste
A pinch asafoetida
Oil for frying
4 masala rotlas
2 small cups sour curds
½ tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. cummin seeds
25 grams coriander leaves
2 tbsps. oil
½ tsp. turmeric powder

Add salt to taste, a little chilli powder, asafoetida, turmeric and coriander leaves to the gram flour. Add a little water to make a batter consistency. Add a little soda and two teaspoons of hot oil. Mix well.

First prepare the masala rotla as given above, three hours ahead. Excellent if you want to use up your left over rotlas.

Now cut the masala rotlas into small pieces. Heat oil. Dip the pieces in the batter and fry till golden brown. Serve with dahi chutney.

FOR THE CHUTNEY:

Beat the sour curds with the addition of a little water. In hot oil, splutter the mustard, cummin and asafoetida. Add the sour curds. Add salt, chopped coriander leaves and red chilli powder. Mix well and remove.

Recipes Courtesy : Kamlaben Bhatt

ANNOUNCING NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of February will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100 :

1) A non-stick coated 280 mm Tava from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, and 2) A Gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD, containing Elaichi Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Drinking Chocolate, Glucose-D, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour.

Miss Rita Babutla, Jullundur.

SPINACH KABABS

½ kg palak (spinach)
5 potatoes, boiled, mashed
2 tsps. anardana, ground
2 tsps. ginger, chopped
1 small onion, chopped
2 tsps. gram flour
2 to 3 green chillis, chopped
Salt, red chillis and garam masala to taste

Boil and mash the potatoes. Wash the spinach thoroughly. Cook without water and when done grind to a fine paste. Now mix both the potatoes and spinach. Add onion, ginger, green chillis, ground anardana and all the seasonings. Now add gram flour. Form this mixture into round kababs. Deep fry till brown. Serve hot with curd chutney or sauce.

Mrs. Rubi Goswami, Secunderabad.

BESAN CUTLET

cup gram flour
large onions
2 cloves garlic, flaked
25 grams ginger
2 green chillis
A bunch coriander leaves
Garam masala to taste
Salt and red chilli powder to taste
⅛ piece lemon
4 tbsps. sour curds
9 tbsps. ghee

Grind the onions, garlic, ginger and garam masala into a fine paste. Mix the salt and chilli with the gram flour and rub in the pure ghee. Add the ground masala and the rest of the ingredients and make a semi-liquid batter. Spread evenly in the greased pressure cooker separator and steam for seven minutes without weight. Take a portion of the steamed batter and shape into a cutlet. Drop into hot oil and fry on slow fire till light brown. Serve hot.

Mrs. S. Pushparaj, Madurai.

CUTLETS FROM LEFTOVER

1 cup cooked rice
1 cup dal, seasoned
1 cup leftover vegetable
2 slices bread
2 leftover chappatis
2 potatoes, mashed
2 tbsps. gram flour
1 tsp. ginger-garlic, ground
Juice of ½ lemon
Coriander leaves, chopped

Break the bread and chappatis into small pieces. Sprinkle water, mash into a paste. Mix the dal, rice and vegetables thoroughly with the paste.

To the above basic mixture add the mashed potatoes and gram flour, ground paste and lemon juice. Add salt. Mix well. Shape into cutlets. Fry until brown.

CHITRA JAYARAMAN, Shahabad.

Mrs. Jayaraman wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a set of 3 Thumb-press Storefresh containers from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 4 plate Steam-thru from Meera Metal Industries, Bombay.

SPICY METHI RICE

1 cup uncooked rice
2 bunches fenugreek (methi) leaves
1 large onion
1 potato
2 medium size tomatoes
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
Oil to fry
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE :

8 cloves garlic, flaked
1 inch piece ginger
4 green chillis
3 cloves
2 sticks cinnamon

TO GARNISH :

¼ cup peanuts
½ tsp. chilli powder
3 cloves garlic, flaked
Salt to taste
1 bunch coriander leaves

Boil the rice. Clean and chop the fenugreek leaves. Cut the potatoes into small cubes. Chop the onion finely. Heat some oil and fry the potatoes. When soft add the chopped onion. Fry for two to three minutes. Add the ground paste and allow it to fry for some more time. Then add the chopped tomato, fenugreek leaves, chilli and turmeric powder. Cover and cook till leaves are done. Add water if necessary. Mix gently the cooked fenugreek with rice. Add salt and cook for one minute. Remove. Roast the peanuts, remove the outer layer and coarsely pound with chilli powder, garlic and salt. Sprinkle over the rice together with chopped coriander leaves just before serving.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly cookery contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. Out of the seven best selected entries, one Monthly Queen and one Weekly Winner will be selected. The remaining five recipes will be published along with the winning recipes. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

April, 1981
COOKING WITH DRY BEANS
May, 1981
PICKLES
June, 1981
MARINATE AND COOK

All entries for April should reach us latest by March 5 May entries by April 5 and June entries by May 5, 1981.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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Make tasty dishes go a long way. With more nutrition too!

Add Mealmaker to your cooking. It increases the quantity of every tasty dish—makes it rich in protein. All this within your budget !

Plenty for everybody
When you add Mealmaker chunks or granules to your cooking, you can serve even more generous helpings of your tasty dishes.

Everyone likes Mealmaker
You can cook Mealmaker with vegetables or meat. It absorbs the flavour of your cooking—blends perfectly with the taste of the dish.

So rich in protein and so economical
Mealmaker adds wholesome nutrition to every dish. 250 grams of Mealmaker has as much protein as 24 eggs or 1 kg of mutton or almost 4 litres of milk. And it costs much, much less than eggs, mutton or paneer.

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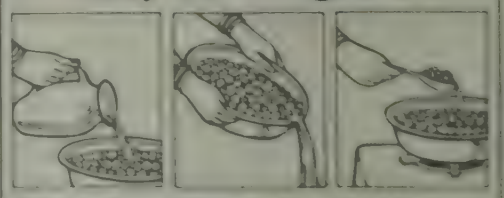
Easy cooking, too



● Just soak Mealmaker in warm, slightly salted water for 20 mins

● Drain out the water and squeeze Mealmaker dry

● Add to your dish and cook together as usual

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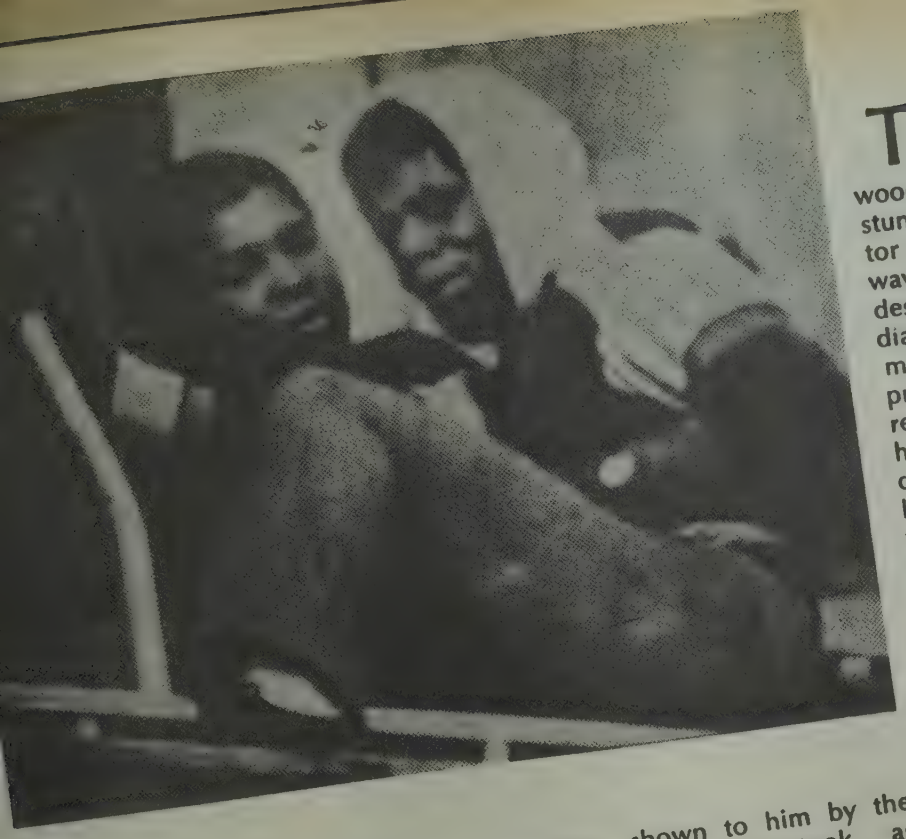


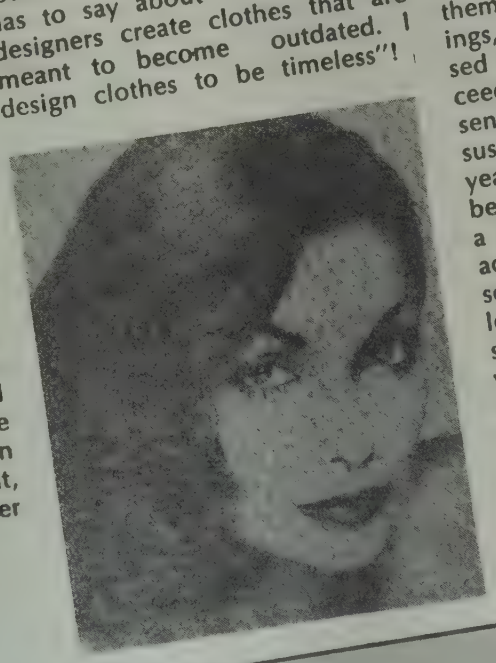
MUHAMMAD ALI won the greatest battle in his career recently when he used his famous gift of the gab to dissuade a distraught 21-year-old man from leaping to death. The man had earlier climbed onto the ledge in a high-rise building by using the fire escape and had threatened to commit suicide. Ali, who emerged from a business meeting from the opposite building, heard the commotion and offered to help. The 38-year-old ex-boxer had to use all his powers of persuasion, while a cynical mob heckled and jeered and urged the young man to jump.

The man, who had ignored the pleas of the police, a psychologist and a chaplain, listened quietly while Ali told him: "You're my brother. I love you and I wouldn't lie to you. You've got to listen..." After half an hour of fast talking, when Ali promised to see him through college and help him get a job, the young man came down quietly. Perhaps one reason why he trusted Ali was because he too was black!

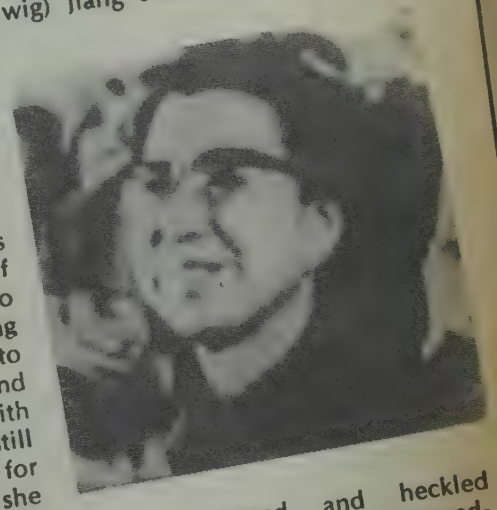
WHEN Pakistan-born Nobel laureate **Prof. Abdus Salam** visited India recently, he was surprised at the warmth and affection shown to him by the people of India, who took as much pride as the average Pakistani over his receiving international recognition in physics. A brilliant Punjabi Muslim, Prof. Salam, who has made London his home for many years, hails from Jhang in Punjab, which is the home of another Nobel laureate, Dr. Hargobind Khorana. The other common link between the two is that both tried for university jobs in India, were turned down, and in disgust made their home in the West. A devout Muslim, the professor is known to have walked out of an important meeting tc offer 'namaz'. He is more at home conversing in Punjabi than in Urdu or English. A member of the Ahmadiya sect, his co-religionists have been declared "non-Muslims" by the Pakistani government, which is predominantly Sunni. And like any other genius with a conscience, he is the only scientist to have opposed Bhutto's grand designs to make an atomic bomb way back in 1972. As he rightly points out, "Nuclear proliferation is sheer madness."

THE Cains have moved to Beverly Hills, Hollywood and **Shakira,** the sultry, stunning wife of British-born actor **Michael Caine,** is making waves in tinseltown as a fashion designer. Shakira, who is of Indian origin, says that both her mother and grandmother were professional dressmakers. At her recent extravaganza to introduce her creations to the beau monde, Shakira's guest turnout would have made any book of 'who's who' turn green with envy! Actors like Richard Harris could be spotted rubbing shoulders with Mrs. Harold Robbins. Husband Michael Caine flew in specially from Turkey to be with his wife during her moment of triumph.

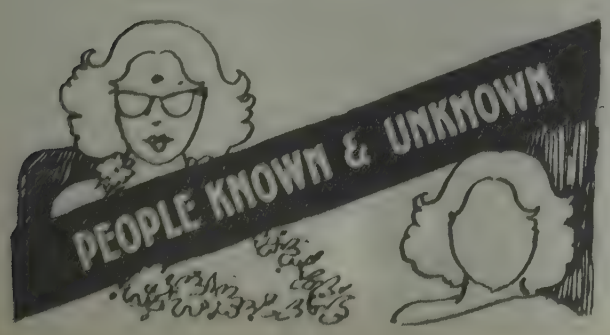
Dressed in a strapless jumpsuit made of black Italian silk, Shakira confessed to a weakness for designing with silk.....always patterned and brightly coloured. Talking of her creations, Shakira said, "I'm a firm believer in simplicity and quality, with designs that show the person instead of the clothes. I'm not seeking to establish new trends or anything terribly dramatic. I just want to create youthful, fashionable and sensual clothes for women with good taste." And if you are still not sure about Shakira's bid for total success, listen to what she has to say about herself: "Some designers create clothes that are meant to become outdated. I design clothes to be timeless"!



THE long trial of the gang of four, headed by **Mao Zedong's** widow **Jiang Qing,** has finally come to an end. She has been accused of heading the Chinese counter-revolution in the 60s that all but destroyed every form of culture, and sent many to their death at the hands of her ruthless Red Guards. With Mao no more, it was easy to launch a prosecution against his wife, who it was said, nagged the poor man to death. Jiang, a superb actress, did not lose her spirit. Although said to be ailing and totally bald (she wears a wig) Jiang shouted abuses at the



judges, sneered and heckled them throughout the proceedings, so much so that embarrassed officials had to edit the proceedings on TV. Jiang has been sentenced to death, but it is suspended sentence for two years. During this period she will be made to do manual work on a farm near Beijing. Perhaps her advanced age (she is 67) has something to do with the judge's leniency. Or it could be that she still has some following in China whom the present rulers do not want to upset.



SEEMS like the Mughals are not given their due respect these days. In India, the two surviving descendents of the last Mughal emperor are living a life of abject poverty. In Pakistan, Mirza Jawad Baig, who had grand designs of reviving the Mughal empire with the imperial capital at Karachi instead of Delhi, and crowning himself Shah Alam 111, was foiled by the Pakistani government. What's more, the poor fellow was charged with treason and rotted in jail for two years.

Baig was adopted as a "prisoner of conscience" by Amnesty International, which launched a world-wide campaign for his release. Giving in to international pressure, Baig was cleared of treason charges by the Pakistani supreme court recently.

Lakshmi Narayan

Quiz: NEW SERIES No. 19

"HEGMAN"

1. Which eminent humorist's birth centenary will be celebrated in October this year?
2. Pablo Picasso. Henri Matisse, Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway have all been friends and proteges of a Paris based authoress. Her name?
3. After how many years did Prakash Padukone lose his national men's badminton title? The name of the new champ, please.
4. In which of the Tarzan films did Tarzan say, "Me Tarzan, you Jane"?
5. Each game in a 6.3 set of tennis goes to devce. How many points must have been played?
6. Which talented actor played the role of an Adivasi framed for murder in the Golden Peacock-winning film "Aakrosh"?
7. Who were the Indians to be awarded the Padma Vibhushan this year?
8. In which year did the war of 1812 start?
9. What was the name of the man, also known as Lord Beaconsfield, who wrote novels and bought shares in the Suez Canal for Britain?
10. Which Indian guru is common to the Beatles, Mia Farrow, Mick Jagger and Mr. Ramnath Goenka?
11. Which famous man was the subject of a hoax biography in the early 70s?
12. Name the Sikh guru who founded the khalsa.

A prize of Rs. 200 will be given to the reader who sends in the all-correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided among them. The deadline for the answers is March 7, 1981. Every entry must be accompanied by a cutting of this column

Devi

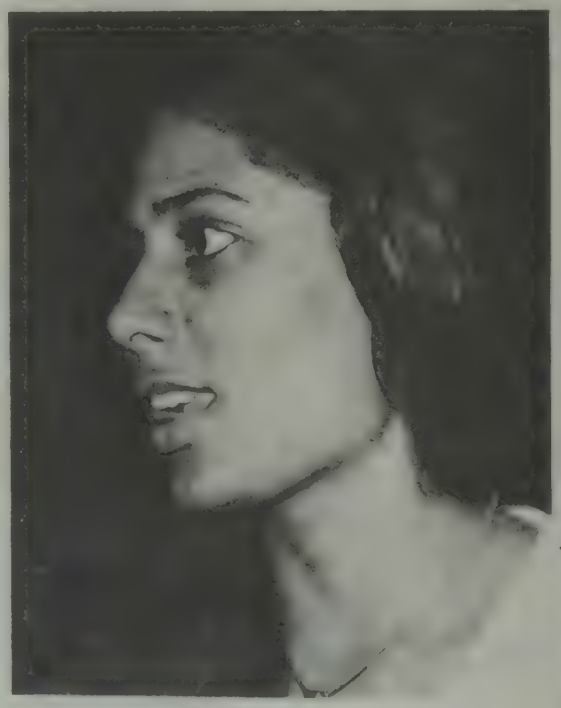
AMIT AND DILIP—Downright Imitation

"The war between Iran and Iraq is renewed," said K.K. Shukla (screenplay writer, for folks who have not heard of him). "You see both the countries want solo rights of "Shaan" to show it to the prisoners of war," he concluded. The Indian sense of humour is at its best when it comes to the flops of the rivals. Anyway, all flop birds fly together is the new moral of the story, so after 'Shaan' ki shaandar release: Salim-Javed; 'Aas Pas' nowhere in sight, J. Om Prakash; and Rajesh Khanna (after that crude-pot film "Bandish") are together for a take-off. Though Rajesh's "Aanchal" is doing fairly well, and Mirza Brothers insist "Dhanwan" is a super hit subject, Rajesh still needs hits in a row for a comeback.

Right now he is content with small mercies like Jayaprada falling all over him.

"She is exclusive, Jayaprada does not talk to anyone, she sits in a corner all by herself on the sets," he told me during the shooting of Sridhar's "Dil-E-Nadaan" on the Madras beach.

"She does not have much choice, Jayaprada is an average girl, who is successful but by no means alluring or sexy, she does not talk because she cannot talk," I told him.



Anyway 'Dus Numbri' (I have to cut short the South name Dasri Narayan Rao), the current 'hot Director' even in Hindi, who made a trio of super hits, "Swarag Narak", "Ye Kaisa Insaaf" and "Jyoti Bane Jwala" is refreshingly different from the irritating politeness of the south. Said he to a heroine when she sat away in a corner from all of us, "Why are you sitting there, are you from the tribal area or something, come and join us like a civilised person." That's it, civilised is the word. Smita Patil, the other woman in "Dil-E-Nadaan" has such a presence about her (first time I met her). She is all covered up in funny attire (jeans pulled up over her stomach, etc.) and unlike Jayaprada talks to anyone and everyone. Yet you feel she is stark naked and is talking to no one, and very exclusive.

I was in a mood to see Dilip Kumar on the screen, Manoj had promised to show "Kranti" trial. But it got cancelled. Instead I saw Shakti Samanta's "Barsaat Ki Ek Raat" and I saw Dilip Kumar all over again. Amitabh has imitated Dilip so much that even in the song sequence, but for the extra inches, you feel it is Dilip Kumar. Amjad is given a bad role — from Amitabh's entry in the film to the last reel, he just takes a beating from Amitabh

Raakhee's songs have been cleverly picturised with the camera on Amitabh's face. Then Shakti's favourite, Prema Narayan, is adjusted in every alternate scene. She provides the curves since Raakhee is like one 'dhobi ka gathra'.

GEETA BEHL: A GODFATHER ISN'T A 'MUST'

Jyothi Venkatesh

She made her bow in films with Raj Khosla's "Main Tulsi Teri Aangan Ki" in which she was teamed opposite Deb Mukherjee. The film was a runaway hit, but Geeta Behl didn't benefit much by it. She is just where she had begun five years ago.

I asked the reason for this stagnation and she compained bitterly, "'Main Tulsi Teri Aangan Ki' was basically about Nutan and her two sons. And many of the scenes involving me were cut out to trim the film."

No wonder her role made no deep impression. Continuing, she said, "The offers that came my way subsequently weren't outstanding because producers couldn't form a proper opinion of my talent on the basis of the film." And unfortunately for Geeta, the next film of hers to hit the screen, "Do Premee", didn't fare too well at the box-office for people who matter to sit up and take notice of her.

Right now, Geeta has roles in films like Bisham Kohli's "Maine Jeena Seekh Liya" opposite Mazhar Khan, Ravi Nagaich's next venture, opposite Mithun, and the Raj Khosla-directed "Mera Dost Mera Dushman", in which she has been teamed with Shatrughan Sinha and Danny. According to Geeta, Raj Khosla is toying with the idea of launching a film with her playing a pivotal role. He told Geeta, "unless the role that a new-comer plays in a film is memorable, she will not be noticed."

Like every other starry eyed newcomer, Geeta too has made the pilgrimage to the Rajshri Production office at Prabhadevi. "The Rajshri people have told me that they would offer me a good role, but then they have also told me that they wouldn't be in a position to pay me like the other producers. I am game. As long as the role is meaty enough to make people notice me, I am prepared to work even if the payment is not very attractive."

Though there was a time Geeta was bothered more about the banner and director than the role itself, today she says she has become role-conscious. "I used to turn down films when the banner wasn't good or the director was new. Today, however, I have realised that the character that one portrays on the screen and the scope it offers are more important. It is only then we register with the audience. Of course, I do not deny that if the banner is big and the co-star is say, Amitabh Bachchan or Rishi Kapoor, it would be an added advantage.

"But luck plays a very vital role in shaping your career in this industry. A godfather is really not essential to make good here. A godfather may come forward to make a film for you and launch you on your career, but you may not click. After all, the arbiter of our fate is the audience. Anyway, just now I am a nobody and cannot afford to pick and choose."

Geeta possesses a very attractive figure, and subtle exposure, according to her, would be O.K. by her. "I like plunging necklines. I wouldn't however strip just to titillate" she said. "Rekha and Moushumi do not romp around in bikinis. Madhubala was beautiful and sexy, and yet throughout her career she hadn't exposed herself even once."

"Gold Medal", produced by Geeta's late father, Shyam Behl, is now being readied for release after a prolonged battle with censors and creditors. "Actually my father had launched the film two decades ago with Rajendra Kumar and Sharmila Tagore in the romantic lead. Then he shelved the film after it was launched and decided to make another film, with the same title. However, as the suits in regard to 'Duniya', made by my father before 'Gold Medal' under the same banner, were still pending, the liabilities of 'Duniya' had to be adjusted against 'Gold Medal'. We were declared insolvent five months after my father died."

If "Gold Medal" does well at the box-office, Geeta hopes to revive the banner of her late father and make films with her mother as co-producer.

Like every other newcomer, Geeta also says that right now she is totally involved with her career and has no time for romance. "Flirting is good for health no doubt," she explained, "but then I have to give top priority to my career. Marriage is not on my agenda right now. I am no advocate of Women's Lib, and I still feel that a career and marriage will not go hand in hand, at least in our country, where a woman is supposed to bask only in the reflected glory of her husband."

Photograph : Abner Bhastekar

A large family was seated at the dining table when the aged father said, "At last I've got the courage to tell you, now that you've all grown up. Your mother and I, children — your mother and I never married."

An absolute silence fell over the group, until the youngest child of all got up from the table. "Well," she said, "I don't know what the rest of you bastards are going to do, but I'm going for a walk.

• • •

TWO electrical repairmen were working on a house circuit. "Hey," one of them said, "See those two wires?"

"Sure," said Ben.

"Good. Now just grab one of them."

Ben grabbed one of the wires. "Feel anything?" his partner asked.

"Not a thing," Ben said.

"Good," said his partner. "Don't touch the other one or you'll drop dead."

• • •

A drunk was passing a big estate about two in the morning and he saw on the front gate a little sign lit by a single small bulb: Ring bell for caretaker.

He went up and rang the bell under the sign and a man in a nightsuit came out. "What do you want?" he asked the drunk.

"I just want to know something," the drunk said. "Why can't you ring your own bell?"

• • •

"DID you have a good time on your date last night with the Siamese twins?"

"Well, yes and no."

• • •

"I had an operation and the doctor left a sponge inside me."

"Have you got any pain?"

"No, but, boy, do I get thirsty?"

• • •

OLD Satan picked up the phone and said into it, "Yes, this is the Devil. Now who in hell do you want to speak to?"

• • •

SO Mrs. Vanderlip went walking in the park, and caught her husband sitting on a bench with his arm around the new governess.

"So," snarled Mrs. Vanderlip, "I've caught you at last. And where is the baby?"

"Don't be silly," muttered Mr. Vanderlip, "the woman's only been working for us two months."

• • •

A CELEBRITY hound approached Groucho Marx at a party. "You remember me, Mr. Marx," he said, "we met at the Glynn's party two weeks ago."

"I never forget a face," said Groucho, "but in this case, I'll make an exception."

• • •

THE would-be wit found himself quietly put down several pegs when, at the dinner table, he held up his fork with a piece of meat on it and asked, "Is this pig?"

To which one of his fellow guests said, innocently, "To which end of the fork do you refer?"

• • •

AT a large party in New York, a lady said goodbye to the British Consul, then shook many other hands, and finally found herself shaking hands with the Consul again. "But you've already said goodbye to me once," she remarked.

"My dear lady," he countered, "it is always a pleasure to say goodbye to you."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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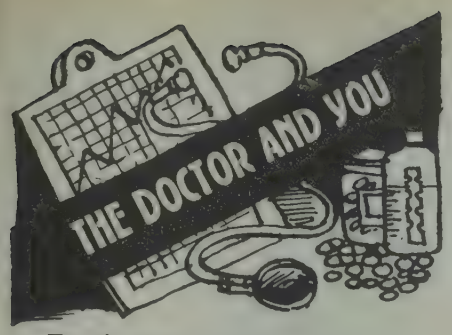


DENTAL CARE FOR CHILDREN

By Dr. Virendra M. Patel
as told to Vijaya Prem Subramony

Tooth decay and gum troubles are perhaps the oldest and most prevalent afflictions amongst children and probably the most neglected. This is mostly due to the fact that dental problems usually start at an early age and are rarely painful until in an advanced stage. This factor, coupled with a partially unfounded fear of the dentist and the pain associated with dental treatment, makes for a fairly advanced stage of dental caries and even malposition of the teeth when the patient first visits the dentist.

One such case was that of Arun, the five year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Das. Arun had rampant caries of the front teeth and a few of the primary (milk) molars were also affected. One of his primary molars had been extracted some months before because it was totally decayed, and the others had been attended to by their family dentist. His parents were worried whether his permanent teeth would also be prone to this condition and whether there would be any malformation of the teeth and jaws. They also wanted to know why, despite fairly good oral hygiene, Arun's teeth had developed caries. On questioning them about the child and his eating and breathing habits right from infancy I learnt the following :

(a) Arun was not breast fed but had switched on to bottle feeding from the age of two months. This had continued up to the age of 12 months.

(b) His milk teeth erupted at the age of five months and by the time he was nine months old, he had already cut ten teeth.

(c) He had developed a liking for a pacifier which he used to insist on being kept in his mouth throughout the night, a habit which was forcibly broken by his parents when he was two years old.

(d) He was in the habit of breathing through his mouth when asleep.

Once I had all this information it was possible for me to give the right answers to their questions, allay some of their fears and also give them advice about the best methods to ensure Arun's future dental care and hygiene. I explained that aside from malposition of teeth the most prevalent dental problem among children is carries i.e. decay of teeth. This is basically the result of the action of the bacteria present in the mouth from refined sugars, especially in sticky candy, toffee, chocolates, cakes, etc. These bacteria digest the food particles sticking to the teeth and release acids that dissolves the enamel and the dentine of the teeth resulting in decay. The discolouration of decayed teeth is due to stains from food, etc.

"A child's first visit to a dentist should be at the age of about three years when all his milk teeth have erupted, and every six months thereafter"

In the case of children especially, dental problems can begin even before birth, since the formation of teeth begins well before that. If the mother has taken any antibiotics at any stage after four or five months of pregnancy, the formation of the enamel of the developing milk teeth is affected. The result is usually a yellow discolouration of the teeth at the stage of development. However, once the antibiotics are discontinued, normal calcification of the teeth occurs. This is also true of the post-natal period up to the age of about two years.

Generally, these milk teeth are breast fed as far as possible, as bottle feeding often leads to malformation of the upper jaw. Pacifiers should also be avoided for the same reason. If bottle feeding is unavoidable, it should be discontinued as soon as the milk teeth begin to erupt, since regular contact with milk, containing sugar, will cause decay of the front teeth. This was possibly the cause of the rampant caries in Arun's front teeth. For the same reasons, habits such as thumb sucking or finger sucking should be discouraged as soon as it is observed. When absolutely necessary, something should be applied to the finger to remove the "pleasures" from this sucking habit.

Mouth breathing is a major cause of protrusion of teeth. Such breathing is generally the result of the presence of adenoids or enlarged tonsils. As Arun was not only breathing through the mouth but was also subject to frequent colds and coughs, I advised Arun's parents to consult a paediatrician and have him treated medically or surgically as advised, to restore normal nasal breathing.

A child's first visit to the dentist should be at the age of about three years, when all his milk teeth have erupted, and every six months thereafter.

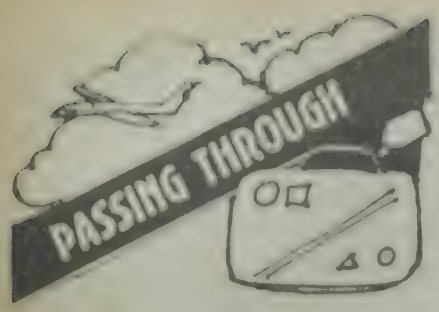
A good sign of normal, healthy growth of the jaws is the presence of spaces between the front teeth from the age of four years onwards. This indicates that there will be sufficient room for the larger permanent teeth when they erupt. Should there be no spaces present by the time the child is about six years old, then the permanent incisors, due to insufficient room, will erupt behind the milk teeth as the milk teeth with generally not shed on their own.

Luckily, in Arun's case there were spaces between the front teeth and also the single permanent molar which had already erupted was healthy. Therefore I could reassure his parents that his permanent teeth would most probably be healthy, and also that there will be no likelihood of any crowding of his permanent teeth when they erupt. There was also no malformation of his teeth or jaws, despite his pacifier habit, which luckily they had terminated before any harm was done.

However, the gap caused by the extraction of one of his primary molars was slowly becoming narrower which would ultimately result in insufficient space for the permanent pre-molar to erupt in proper alignment. Therefore I suggested the fitting of a space maintainer, an orthodontial device to ensure that no further drifting occurred.

Thus as in Arun's case, many future problems can be averted by timely treatment. Lastly, I have to emphasize that oral hygiene and proper brushing techniques, using any good brand of toothpaste and a soft tooth brush, are essential, and the child should be taught these as soon as the milk teeth erupt so that he is able to manipulate the toothbrush correctly. In my opinion, if proper oral hygiene is maintained along with proper diet and the minimum of refined sugar, a child should normally have healthy teeth.

Dr. Virendra M. Patel, B.D.S., M.D.S. (TUFTS, USA) is an eminent orthodontist.



MARGARITA FEODOROVA

THRILLING AUDIENCES

The internationally known Soviet pianist, Margarita Feodorova delighted audiences in Bangalore recently with her sensitive rendering of compositions by Beethoven, Chopin and the Russian masters Khachaturian, Rachmaninov, and Scriabin.

Margarita was accompained on her current tour of India, Sri Lanka and the Maldive Islands by two other Soviet artistes — internationally known violin soloist Igor Politkovsky and his piano accompanist Evgeny Epehtein. They were selected by the Soviet Ministry of Culture.

In India, the artistes were guests of the Indian Council of Cultural Relations who had arranged their concerts in New Delhi, Madras, Mangalore and Bangalore. During their eleven-day Indian tour, the artistes had an opportunity to meet several top Indian dancers and musicians and to acquaint themselves with an artistic heritage that was thousands of years old. "I am glad to visit such a beautiful country and play in it," was Margarita's comment.

She spoke in halting English, narrating her remarkable life story with great modesty. She has candour and personal warmth and a very humane and sensitive personality. All her life she has lived in Moscow. Her father was a mathematician and her mother was a singer. "I inherited my artistic ability from my mother. She was an opera singer and very talented, but had to give up her career to look after me... Now she is very old, but very happy at my success."

Margarita began her piano lessons as a ten-year-old and two years later she was already confident enough to decide that music would be her career. She studied the piano under one of the world's most eminent teachers — Prof. Henric Neyhouse "He died 14 years ago," she said.

Margarita revealed that "all music students in the Soviet Union are paid a stipend by the State. Good hostel accommodation and cheap yet substantial food is provided for them... we were left completely free to pursue our rigorous musical training."

For 15 years now, Margarita has the distinction of being professor of Music at the Moscow Conservatoire, where once she herself was a student. This is the highest institution for music education in the Soviet Union and its alumni include some of the

most distinguished Russian musicians. Margarita claims that she is a very demanding teacher and expects perfection from her students. "Where they have to practise for one hour, I make them practise for three to five hours. They must constantly practise to give off their best." The five year course at the Conservatoire includes both theory and practice. Margarita has several foreign students, among them two from India. "They are about twenty years old . . . a girl from Calcutta and a boy from Bombay."

During her Bangalore visit Margarita had an opportunity to see young Indian musicians in training. The ICCR officials took her to the School of Percussion Music run by leading Mridangam artiste T. A. S. Mani. Sipping Mysore coffee and tasting south Indian savouries and sweets, the Soviet artistes spent nearly two hours listening intently to a live performance of South Indian percussion music.

In the 25 years of her concert career, Margarita has been to many parts of the world. She has thrilled audiences in 25 countries and had the honour of playing in Peking just before the Cultural Revolution. During the Concert season (Sept. to March) she gives about 60 recitals. Every year for about one to four months she is abroad, playing before discriminating audiences in world capitals. She is featured regularly on Soviet television and has made seven television films, each one featuring her playing compositions by different composers. She has numerous discs to her credit and one hopes they might be available for sale in India.

She describes Scriabin the Russian composer's work as "the best music in the world. I play all his work — he wrote many pieces for the piano, although he was a symphonist." The German composer Bach also rates a favourite with her. Her first visit abroad was to Germany where, as an eighteen-year-old, she won the first prize at the Bach International Competition.

In private life she is happily married to a pianist who works for the Soviet Ministry of Culture. They have a fourteen-year-old son named Vasiliy who studies at a special English school and has so far shown no interest in music. "Unfortunately, I do not have much time for him." Margarita ruefully admitted. She was also quite candid about her dislike for cooking. "I have a maid who does everything. In my spare time, I enjoy my hobbies — swimming and cycling." She enjoys relaxed moments with her family when they all visit their country home on the outskirts of Moscow.

Aban Lal

DR. PUNITA BHATT

PROMOTING INDIAN CINEMA

Punita Bhatt left India in 1967 to study in the U.S. and has made a very successful life for herself there. There were the usual problems about getting permission and admission to study abroad but with an M.A. first class first from Gujarat University under her belt and an L.L.B. degree from the same university, Punita was accepted at Washington D.C.'S Catholic University and got her Ph.D. in English Literature in '72.

While studying, Punita did some summer jobs too, once she worked in the Dept. of Recreation in Washington, another time her law background helped when she contributed on a pamphlet on Personnel Development. But one of her most instructive jobs she says was selling encyclopaedias door-to-door. She didn't make much money out of it as it was all a bit of a con, but "it was the best thing that happened to me. It taught me how to sell and that's important in America. And what I had to sell was myself." The experience gained came in handy. It was the confidence she gained in this job that helped her get another one. It has also helped in her teaching. "When I started teaching I was more conscious of the students, of the fact that I was teaching Americans Eng. Lit. but I no longer think about it today."

She lectures in English literature at Washington State University. Equally important is her work, pioneering work in some instances, to provide entertainment for the Indian community in Washington. The organisation she helped found called Manoranjan Enterprises is responsible for bringing Indian cinema, music concerts, magazines, records, to the Indian audience in American and often also introducing Americans to a different cultural heritage.

Punita's involvement in the entertainment field started with the Indian Student's Association of Catholic University to which she belonged and of which she was elected Vice-President. It began with a showing of a few Indian films in order to raise

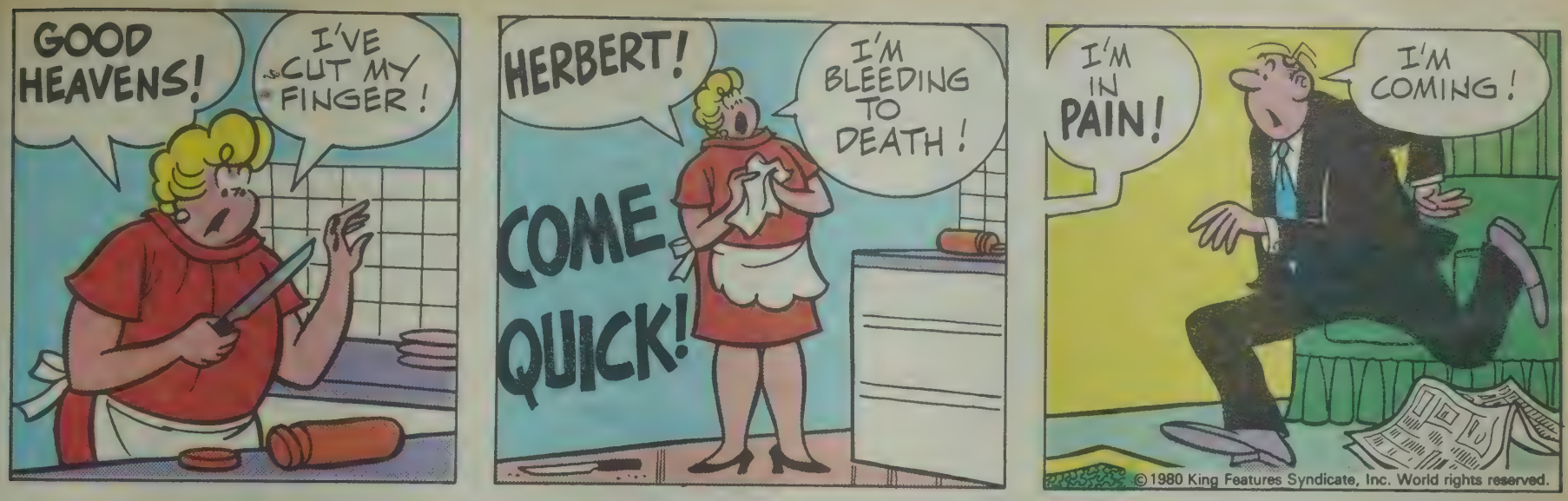
money. "There were no full time distributors then." Punita recalls, "and most prints were illegal."

Gradually she increased the showings, advertised through mailing lists, and organised live shows of famous Indian singers the first being Talat Mahmood and Vyjayanthimala in 1969. As the idea caught on, Punita decided to do things more professionally with the result that Manoranjan Enterprises was born and Indians living in America got a chance to hear favourite singers like Lata Mangeshkar.

Continued on page 34

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin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CAN MATRIARCHY BE

If the patriarchal system is the root of all evil as far as the inferior status of women in most societies today is concerned, how would a matriarchal system work? NAYANA DOLWANI considers this alternative with its increased responsibility for women and the shift in the power structure

"The world has always belonged to the men," wrote the French author Simone De Beauvoir.

Even before the dawn of history, scientists believe, man became the ruler of the roost, establishing the design for living that generally prevails today. Everywhere, even if women are highly regarded, the activities of men are valued more than those of women. It does not matter how a society allocates roles and tasks between the sexes, those that belong to men inevitably count for more in the eyes of the whole community. In societies where men fish and women do beadwork, fishing brings greater prestige; where women fish and men work with beads, it is beadwork that matters. There are parts of New Guinea where women cultivate sweet potatoes and men yams. The foods are similar and yet, reports Mrichelle Rosaldo, "Yams are the prestige food, the food one distributes at feasts."

It is not hard to find evidence in every age, of male disdain for women and female subjugation to men. Ancient Bedouins maintained that women were made of monkey's tails. Indians celebrate the birth of a boy, but not that of a girl.

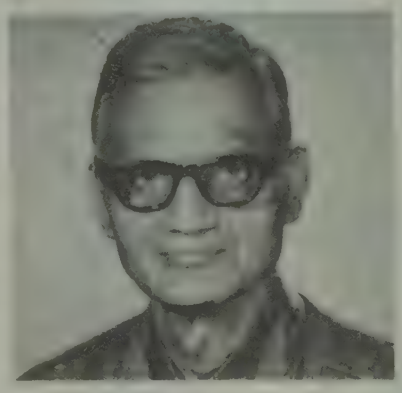
In ancient Athens and Rome a woman remained essentially a minor as long as she lived. In medieval Europe she would own no property, she was frequently married off against her will, she could not divorce her husband, and if she committed adultery she was sometimes put to death. Manu the Indian law maker cautioned that all women are temptresses. There is a common Indian saying that sums up the Indian attitude to women: "A woman and cow, both go where they are led." Even in the more enlightened 18th and 19th centuries the common law of England and the United States held that a woman, like a felon committed to prison, lost most of her civil rights when she entered into marriage. She was not permitted to manage property if she owned it, and she was not entitled to keep possession of either her earnings or her children if her husband chose to take them away. Even today in most societies, the woman marries and takes her husband's name, she goes to live with his family, adjusting herself to the customs and lifestyles of his family. She must bear him sons so that his family name lives on. We live in a patriarchal society, where the line of descent is traced through the father and men hold the reigns of power and positions of authority within the society.

Let us then consider the alternative — matriarchy. The word is derived from the Latin 'mater' for mother and Greek 'archos' for ruler. This implies the rule of the family by the mother not the father, control of government by women not men and supremacy of the female deity. Although many tribes do live in matriarchal societies, where the line of descent is traced through the mother, and property is passed from the mother to daughter, "A genuine matriarchy," as anthropologist Lowe says, "is nowhere to be found."

KAILASH CHAND

It would be difficult to find a man who's taken up the cause of women's rights with as much fervour as Kailash Chand. He is the founder of the "Society for the cause of mother's lineage". He believes the only way to emancipate women is through matrilineal succession. Women would be invested with the responsibility for their children. This would eliminate the stigma of illegitimacy and the fear of sex instilled in a woman in a patriarchal way of life. Improving a woman's status in the eyes of the law and society would automatically enhance the relationship between man and woman.

Kailash Chand has been campaigning for his cause for over 20 years. After much struggle he managed to get himself enrolled in the electoral roll as his mother's son:



Kailash Chand Pista Devi. But the courts denied him the right to use this name on his passport. Kailash Chand considers himself a pioneer, and as such realizes the barriers he has to overcome. His society today has about a dozen members, all male. He hopes women will one day have the courage to join. Meanwhile he continues to educate people about his cause through printed matter, meetings and lectures.

SHAKUNTALA DEVI

Shakuntala Devi, the human brain that vies with the silicone chip, astrologer and authoress, believes it was "anti-conditioning" that brought her unique talent to the limelight. Her father, discovering her gift for numbers early, sent her out to earn her keep at age three. Her potential has developed in this tradition of independence ever since.

It is saddening that a phenomenon like Shakuntala Devi should still be acutely aware of the discrimination faced

THE ALTERNATIVE?

Interviews by Vidya Virkar

Recent accounts of matriarchal conditions boil down to the fact that some societies recognise certain prerogatives of women. In the Hopis, for example, the houses belong to the women, but there are no women chiefs and all important ceremonials are directed by men. Khasi women hold all the jewels and real estate, and the highest priestly office is held by women, but the husband may kill an adultress, and the wife's eldest brother ranks as chief and not the house-owning wife herself! Iroquois women impeach and nominate their chief, but no woman is even chosen for office. In general the treatment of women in matrilineal societies is no better than in patrilineal societies.

Only in isolated places or isolated times has there been anything approaching equality of the sexes. The strictures of biology generally outweighed all other considerations. Male strength and female childbearing were in full-time demand for the survival of the species. The possibility of broad equality did not appear until those limitations were lifted by the industrial and medical revolutions of the 18th and 19th century. There is no doubt that, as anthropologist Louise Lamphere says, "Sexual asymmetry is presently a universal fact of human social life."

If equality of the sexes seems a long way away within the framework of the existing patrilineal society, let us, as an exercise, consider the implications of a matrilineal society in the present urban set up. Matrilineal, in that the line of descent is traced through the mother. The marriage then, need not necessarily be the focal relationship in a family, and the girl is free to stay with her parents or on her own or with her husband, whatever she chooses. In the South Indian Nair society, the mother's brother is the head of the household and is responsible for the children. The husband owes his allegiance to his sister and her family. However, the authority here still rests with the male, it is merely shitted from husband to brother. And even the Nairs have opted more and more

INDIRA MAHINDRA

A writer of both fiction and non-fiction, Indira Mahindra has recently focused her attention on women and the institution of marriage. Author of "The Rebellious Home Makers", she rejects matriarchy because it lacks the warmth of a nuclear family. Moreover, she feels, giving men just "stud duties" to perform and very little responsibility would destroy their character. It would also be unfair to the women to have to pla the dual role of mother and father. Referring to the matriarchs of Kerala she thinks their main drawback was the lack of involvement of the father.

Indira Mahindra believes that the nuclear family of today is ideal for the rearing of children, and hence does not agree with its disruption. She feels that changes in the system are best effected from within the framework of such a family. Conventional sexual role playing should be set aside, and free choice should take its place. For instance, there should be no inhibition about allowing a suitably competent wife from being the breadwinner. By tapping the resources of their womenfolk men could themselves be truly free to venture into non-earning pursuits. Finally, children too should be brought up as individuals and not as sexual stereotypes.

by women. She finds that the "red carpet treatment" she receives in public life is quite a world apart from the attitudes she faces as a private individual and a woman. She feels that a woman is considered an unattended property requiring male backing from a father or husband, and that whatever the woman's achievements she is treated like an adolescent. This must indeed be a bitter pill to swallow for somebody who's been lauded by the world.

She neither supports patriarchy nor matriarchy, and contends that "too much importance is given to everyone's sex organs." She believes a new social system should be evolved where individuals are judged by their mental potential and not by their gender. Equal opportunity should be available to all.

KAMALA DAS

Kamala Das, controversial novelist and poetess, literary thinker and rebel, is a Nair from Kerala. Although the Nairs no longer practise matriarchy, she believes this tradition still lives on within them all. Herself a practising matriarch, she is convinced that matriarchy is the only solution to all women's problems in India.

Kamala Das sees the matriarch as a "manager of minds" controlling the destiny of the family. The system would burden her with responsibilities, but would free her of frustration; she would become supreme giver of love and caring, the axis around which everything revolved. Far from becoming hard or 'masculine', the woman would grow into a gentler, more dependable human being.

How would men feature in such a society? Kamala Das feels that men wouldn't want to usurp such responsibilities as described above. In return they would be petted, pampered and spoilt a little bit. She firmly believes that men require to be pampered. She points out that in original Malayalam there was no word for 'husband'. Men were referred to as 'lover', 'sweetheart', 'darling' or 'pet'. As for a sense of purpose in the context of a matriarchy, men would continue to derive this at work outside the home.

CAN MATRIARCHY BE THE ALTERNATIVE?

for a patriarchal society today in the name of progress.

If we are to consider the matrilineal family as a means of emancipation for women, then the woman herself must bear the responsibility for her children. This removes the stigma from illegitimacy, a woman need no longer bear a man's name to be able to have children. More important, a woman under these conditions will bear children only if she really wants them, not as a fulfilment of her duty to her husband and his family. This leaves her free to decide whether she wants to devote herself to a career or to the rearing of a family. In an overpopulated world, this would be a distinct advantage. The glaring flaw in this system, is that it absolves the man of all responsibility of fatherhood. He need give emotional and monetary support to his children only at his whim and fancy. The burden of child rearing and of providing for the child falls entirely on the woman

What then is the ideal? Matriarchy, a society where women hold the power held by men now? But that again seems as unnatural as a society where men hold all the power. To overthrow the domination by one half of the society and replace it by domination of the other half is no answer, however tempting it may sound.

The obvious and rather idealistic solution is a society where men and women are freed from the rigid social stereotypes of the dominant protective male and the timid subservient female. In the words of Germaine Greer, "To be emancipated from helplessness and need and walk freely upon the earth, that is your birthright."

LEELA NAIDU

Leela Naidu, one time actress, needs no introduction. The terribly tragic battle she fought for the custody of her two little children is perhaps less well known. She says that hers was the classic case of the Hindu Marriage Act (of 1947), discriminating against the woman. Upon obtaining a divorce to get away from an unhappy marriage, Leela Naidu went on to try and obtain custody of her twin daughters aged one-and-a-half years. A protracted legal battle ensued, involving unspeakable mental anguish to the mother. By the end of that period the children were six years old, and their custody was automatically granted to the father. The Hindu Marriage Act has since undergone reform.

On matriarchy, Leela Naidu feels that " any system tends to fossilize." A relationship should be more fluid and equal. She does not believe in one sex being more dominant than the other, and feels that both parties contribute equally to a union.

She finds the American "libbers" too strident, too militant, and bereft of their feminity. She believes in the maternal instinct being a vast resource that should be tapped. Its contribution lies "in being able to sense, to care, to guide, to heal, to be gentle. . ."

MATRILINY REVISITED

"Ask a Lycian who he is and he will tell you his own name and his mother's, then his grandmother's and great-grandmother's and so on. And if a free woman has a child by a slave that child is a citizen, whereas the children of a free man and a foreign wife or mistress have no citizen rights at all."

That was Herodotus speaking. About the nation which occupied the south-western corner of Asia Minor (now Turkey) in the fifth century before Christ. Herodotus was no sociologist, or he would have discovered that his great heroes, the Egyptians, followed precisely the same custom — matriliny — in which descent is traced in the female line.

To many of us, raised in a fiercely patrilineal society, the system sounds primitive, immoral, preposterous. But every child has two parents, and it seems as right and proper for it to belong to one as to the other. We could even say the mother has the greater claim, for she is the one who takes all the trouble and bears all the pain. Furthermore, as Sir Henry Maine said a hundred years ago, "Paternity was a matter of inference as opposed to maternity, which is a matter of observation." They still are.

Matriliny is not a primitive, backward system as some think. It is one of two equally valid alternatives. According to one theory it was the rule among all civilized peoples of the ancient world while the nomadic races around them were patrilineal. In the course of time the nomads overran the civilizations and imposed their customs on them, sometimes with strange results. Egyptian custom decreed that the Pharaoh be succeeded by his sister's son, not his own. Faced with that problem the invaders found a simple solution: they married their sisters! The Ptolemies, a Greek dynasty that ruled Egypt for three centuries from Alexander's time to Caesar's, followed that practice throughout, apparently without suffering any ill effects. Cleopatra was the last of them.

For many centuries there has been a powerful trend towards patriliny, but in India there was a famous matriarchal stronghold in Kerala, the land of the Nairs. But it was not the Nairs alone that had it; there were Brahmin and other castes as well. The maharajahs of Travancore and Cochin were succeeded, like the Pharaohs, by their nephews. The Bants of South Canara and the Khasis of the north-east are (or were) matrilineal. Almost all the Malay peoples once followed that rule of succession and inheritance. The custom is found in Africa and America. Traces of matriliny may be found among Europeans. Among the Spanish-speaking nations a man might choose his maternal surname as freely as the paternal. Pablo Picasso and Fidel Castro are well-known examples.

The trouble with patriliny, the male-dominated system, is that it traps, degrades and occasionally destroys the woman, especially in the joint family. Not only is her time not her own, her body and soul belong to others; and being physically weaker and socially dependant, she is more easily exploited. Her womb is not hers; it is the property of the tribe. A formidable set of commands and taboos governs its upkeep and protection, in all of which jealousy is the sole motive force, for tribal paternity must be assured.

Bertrand Russell has written of this situation with his usual forthrightness. "Although there is more possibility of lessening jealousy than many people suppose, there are very definite limits so long as fathers have rights and duties. . . If women are to have sexual freedom, fathers must fade out, and wives must no longer be expected to be supported by their husbands. This may come about in time but it will be a profound social change and its effects, for good or ill, are incalculable."

The "sexual freedom" that Russell speaks of must not be interpreted to mean some kind of licence for promiscuity, but a release from the total bondage. The alternative that the philosopher has in mind is obviously the matrilineal family. .

We must in fairness, admit that matriliny is not the most perfect of systems either; it has its own defects. But it has one advantage that the frightened middle-class Indian bride will appreciate. Wives will continue to stay in their parents' homes after marriage, where their husbands would join them. There will be no dowry cremations

What about husbands? I am glad to report that there are no known instances of dowry deaths among husbands. If they don't like it in their wives' places, and can't lump it, they can always run — and run faster than their mothers-in-law!

C. P. A. Vasudevan

can hair dyes cause cancer?

Thankamma Jacob and Annu Jacob

The current controversy over hair dyes and cancer does not seem to be anywhere near settlement. Starting in 1975 as a result of class experiments in a biochemistry laboratory, the controversy has only gathered momentum till now. In 1975, Bruce Ames, Prof. of Biochemistry at Berkeley, California, directed his students to study the action of various consumer products on bacteria, with a view to finding out whether they caused mutations or changes in the genetic material of the organisms. Strangely enough, only two of the hundreds of items tested produced any mutations in the bacteria: cigarette tar and a permanent hair dye. Since most of the modern hair dyes belong to this category and since millions of women and men the world over, repeatedly use this type of dye over the years, the professor decided to continue the experiment.

The findings of the professor were startling, to say the least: 150 out of the 169 different permanent hair dyes tested were found to be mutagenic! As the genetic material of all living things is basically the same, there is reason to believe that the test result has serious implications.

Today, the Ames Test, which is simple as well as rapid, is used for routine screening of chemicals by chemical companies. This is because a large percentage of chemicals known to produce cancer in animals or in man were also found to cause bacterial gene mutations in the Ames Test, while only a few non-carcinogens could show similar results. More elaborate testing by Ames revealed that 9 out of 18 common coal-tar hair dye ingredients themselves produced mutations. These findings have since been substantiated by various other scientists, using the Ames Test as well as other established procedures. The results were finally announced in March 1975 and the announcement was greeted with a barrage of objections from the cosmetic industry, which underrated bacterial tests and stressed the importance of studies on animals. They argued that animal responses would be much better predictors of human cancer than bacterial studies.

So then, the National Cancer Institute, U.S.A., sponsored studies in which 13 hair dye chemicals were tested on laboratory rats and mice. The experiments found seven of the chemicals when fed in large doses to animals, carcinogenic. The results were announced late in 1977 and early 1978. The cosmetic industry was still not satisfied: they retorted that people don't eat hair dye and the testing was unrealistic because the animals were made to ingest the chemicals. Besides, according to the industry, the dosages given were ridiculously high: the equivalent of a woman using 25 bottles of hair dye a day every day of her life. John Penicnak, a biochemist and chairman of the American Cosmetic Industry's technical committee, further condemned the tests saying "You cannot extrapolate animal tests to people."

Does this mean that small doses of toxic chemicals are safe? Far from it, since occupational studies have proved that repeated and prolonged exposure to even tiny amounts of cancer-producing substances can ultimately lead to cancer. Further, there are valid scientific reasons for feeding the animals with large doses of the chemicals.

In the first place, rats and mice have a very short life span and there will usually be no visible effect on them if dosages are kept low. Then, the number of animals studied has necessarily to be in hundreds and not in thousands for practical reasons and unless large doses are used, a small but significant increase in the incidence of cancer can easily be missed. As for feeding the animals the suspected chemicals and not painting them over the skin, scientists believe that the full impact of the dosages selected for the study can only be ascertained by feeding. Painting leads to only an average of three per cent skin penetration, as shown by experiments on the skin of human volunteers. About half of this three per cent was found to be excreted in the urine.

The human experiment also clearly showed that the hair dye chemicals don't just stay on the head and hair; they penetrate the scalp, which has many more openings than other parts of the human skin. The numerous hair follicles and oil glands present on the scalp make it one of the body's most permeable areas. The result? Chemicals applied to the hair can readily penetrate the scalp and enter the blood stream. This fact has been proved time and again by numerous studies. In fact some people have even complained that their urine turned brown after using certain hair dyes.

The problem of hair dye toxicity does not seem to be confined to the carcinogenicity of the seven chemicals involved in the NCI testing. There are a number of chemicals included in hair dye formulations which have not been investigated at all for safety. Some 20 of these untested chemicals have structures closely resembling the ones already known to cause cancer in humans and hence must be considered potentially hazardous.

To crown all this data from experts comes the most disturbing news that when these hair dye chemicals react with oxidising agents such as hydrogen peroxide (the dye solution has to be mixed with an equal quan-

CAN HAIR DYES CAUSE CANCER?

tity of hydrogen peroxide before application in the case of popular 'shampoo-in' hair dyes, and in most other formulations some other oxidising agent is already incorporated in the dye powder), they give products which are hundreds of times more toxic than the original materials.

A study presented recently by Dr. Mukund Shah of Clement Associates, at a meeting of the American Society of Toxicology, has highlighted this aspect with reference to two hair dye chemicals which he and his colleagues tested (using the Ames Test) for causing mutations both before and after adding hydrogen peroxide. This new revelation calls for further studies on hair dyes for determining the extent to which they can penetrate the scalp and cause systematic toxic effects.

In addition to basic dye materials such as the aromatic amines and the aminophenols, permanent hair dyes can contain pyrogallol and pyrocatechol, two extremely reactive substances which have been indicted as powerful carcinogens i.e. they enhance the ability of a known carcinogen to cause cancer, when used only externally. Dr. Van Duuren, Consultant for Consumers Union U.S.A., who has done this testing recommends two substances for these: resorcinol and hydroquinone.

Almost all marketed permanent hair dyes in India contain the aromatic amine called para phenylene diamind, which in addition to causing dermatitis and other serious allergic manifestations in at least five per cent of the users, has now been conclusively proved a cataract-producing substance which can also trigger changes in the nervous system of the users. This announcement was made by the Department of Opthalmology of the Post Graduate Institute of Medical Education and Research Chandigarh, India, as a result of a clinical study conducted there. Professor Edward Cotlier of Yale University's Medicine School while examining patients at the P.G.I., Chandigarh, said that he was surprised to find young women suffering from cataract. They had been using artificial hair dyes for years.

The performance of permanent hair dyes, apart from their toxicity, has been exemplary. But considering the indispensability of coal tar chemicals for producing effective and permanent colourings, it does seem an impossible task to make completely safe permanent hair dyes. Nevertheless, one hopes that modern technology will find a breakthrough which will enable the production of safer hair dyes.

Sadly enough, the semi-permanent and the metallic hair dyes based on lead acetate now in the market also pose problems of toxicity. The use of lead-based dyes had in fact declined in the recent past, since lead is known to be a cumulative poison. However, in the wake of increasing evidence for the cancer-producing potential of permanent hair dyes, the lead dyes have now staged a come-back, especially in dyes meant for men. These have to be applied daily for the first week and then on alternate days when they progressively darken grey hair. The lead acetate present in the formulation reacts with sulphur to produce black lead sulphide, which colours the hair. The pigment has the disadvantages of rubbing off on clothes and bedding. Besides, the hair, after a time, will start looking dull, dusty and dirty. Nevertheless, it is now being recommended in preference to permanent hair dyes, in the belief that it is much less toxic.

What is the basis for such a belief now? The basis is the conclusion by the World Health Organisation's International Agency for Research on Cancer that there is no evidence that lead causes cancer in man. There can be other toxic effects but these are mainly confined to children who need not use hair dyes at all. Also, lead appears to be an exception to the rule regarding the significance of animal tests to humans and hence the identification of lead acetate as a cancer producing agent, when fed to animals at high doses, seems to have no relevance here. Besides, the FDA (U.S.A.) is of the opinion that the amount of lead acetate that penetrates the skin is "miniscule", especially when compared with the daily intake of lead from food, water and air. However, it is necessary to avoid the application on cut or abraided skin lest the absorption increases to an extent that can be dangerous. The consoling fact is that lead is present everywhere and the human system has a built-in defence mechanism which renders most of the lead absorbed by the body immobile.

One out of every three women in the U.S.A., is known to use hair dyes. So students at New York University designed an experiment comparing hair-dye use among 129 breast-cancer patients and 193 women without cancer. The women were so chosen that the percentage of hair dye users in the two groups were about the same. When the amount of hair dye used by the two groups (number of years of use and number of applications per year) was compared, it was found that the women with breast cancer had used significantly more hair dye than the women without the disease.

The experiment pointed to the possibility that elderly women who used hair dyes for over 10 years are about twice as likely to develop cancer than non-users. A larger study, no doubt, is essential to confirm this conclusion. It may actually be too early to answer the question once and for all since the boom in hair dye use began only about 20 years back. From previous experience, it is clear that cancers caused by toxic chemicals may not develop until 20 or more years after the first exposure to the chemicals. Thus, if hair dyes do cause cancer, not enough women may have been exposed to them for a long enough time for the effects to become noticeable. Further studies involving women exposed to hair dyes for longer periods would certainly help resolve the issue.

Prudence dictates that hair dyes (except the purely vegetable hair dyes) should not be used at all, until they have been proved safe. However, if you must dye your hair, observe the following precautions in order to minimise the hazard.

Do not use hair dyes more often than necessary. Once in a month or once in every six weeks will be usually enough (only at the roots where the hair is grey, after the first application). And put off dyeing hair to as late in life as possible. Use plastic gloves whenever you handle the dye and apply it only on intact skin, using a technique that involves minimum contact between the dye and your scalp. Do not leave the dye on your head any longer than necessary; after use, rinse away all excess dye with soap and water. Any accidental spill on the skin must be promptly washed out with plenty of water followed by soap and water.

SOFTEST... YET THE SAFEST

Bidhan-RS-12

BORN AGAIN

Continued from page 31

the sharp glint of greed in her eyes and her strong views about a grand marriage. They worried silently about how to pool their resources to get their Seema married properly, how to buy her happiness, how to achieve her future security. They were certain that the price of Seema's future happiness would be considerable, but a price they should pay at all costs.

Seema too heard in silence as she sat with downcast eyes, a commodity on sale, a situation much of her own creation. Each time she raised her eyes to watch the old lady in front of her, she found herself being stared at. There was something in that stare, Seema felt, something odd and unreal, as if coming from the other side of the grave. Seema shuddered, no, she shouldn't allow her imagination free rein. She was convinced that the woman in front of her hadn't experienced much happiness in life as was evident from the pallor of her face.

Seema's brothers, their wives and her parents had a hectic time to make appropriate arrangements for her wedding. With each sunrise, they counted, a day less for their Seema to depart from their home and leave for her future home. Worries tended to sway emotions; for twenty years they had showered love upon their Seema, would she find the same love in her future home? Would her husband treat her with the tenderness due to a wife? Would her in-laws be understanding? Would her needs be taken care of — emotional or material. These worries kept nagging them till the last day.

The **baraat** that arrived on the wedding day was unexpectedly small in size. For fear of offending the groom's party, Seema's folks had abstained from asking them about the possible size of the **baraat.** It was an odd assortment of people who were introduced to Seema's folks as Ranjit's friends and relatives. The bride's party was anxious to meet the groom; they had only seen his picture so far because he was said to have been out of town for several months.

"Our Ranjit is an ideal son," the groom's mother had announced. "He trusts us completely, he knows whatever we decide for him would be for his own good. No, he won't change his mind. . .don't worry dear, he is quite unlike the modern boys."

And so it was settled that the groom would be presented to them only on the day of the wedding. When the baraat arrived everyone pressed forward to have a look at the groom. He was warmly received and made confortable on a sofa; he looked uncomfortable and anxious for the ceremonies to be over. Ranjit's parents too sat stiffly nearby; the **baraat** folk just stared at the bride and the groom. Seema sneaked a glance at her future husband and decided he didn't look as old as he was supposed to be. Finally the ceremony was over and the groom's parents blessed the newly-weds.

It was past midnight when the newly weds were left to themselves. Seema sat quietly for a while expecting her new husband to talk to her. When he didn't, Seema slowly turned towards where her husband was lying on the large double bed. He was fast asleep! What an oddball, Seema thought, to fall asleep on his wedding night! Maybe because he had been married before and it was no more an exciting occasion for him, she tried to rationalise. But that did not lessen her disappointment and hurt, and she sulked all by herself until she fell asleep.

She was woken up by her mother next morning; Ranjit, she noticed, was not in his bed. The day started with hectic preparations for Seema to leave her parents' home. All her dowry items were to follow her in a separate van. Seema sat watching as she waited for the moment of parting. She was nervous and uncertain of her future; true, she was married to a prosperous family, but she debated inwardly about the wisdom of her decision. She prayed in silence, holding back her tears and putting on a brave, cheerful and smiling face.

As the car with the newly married couple left for Faridabad. Seema kept feeling like a nervous kitten. True, Greater Kailash was not really across the ocean, but away from her own family for the first time in her life, she felt absolutely helpless, more so because of Ranjit's silent indifference. Her in-laws lived on the outskirts of the city in a large two-storeyed house surrounded by sprawling lawns. She could see the building from a distance with tall iron gates, as the car sped towards it. As they neared the gates, a uniformed chowkidar arrived from nowhere and opened them. There was no other soul in sight; the whole place looked deserted to Seema. As the car drove in, the chowkidar closed the tall gates almost immediately. Were those gates always kept closed? With a pang of sadness she told herself, "Goodbye freedom! From now I shall be a prisoner."

The car came to a stop and the chauffeur got out to open the door for them. Ranjit stepped out and Seema followed him. Utter silence greeted them. Seema also noticed that neither the watchman nor the driver had uttered a single word, even of welcome. She then saw an old man standing nearby with a hoe in his hand; probably the gardener, she thought. He looked as dumb as the chowkidar and the chauffeur. Didn't anyone here ever talk? And where was the rest of the family? She followed Ranjit up the steps leading to the large marble verandah.

As soon as the two of them stepped up on the verandah the huge front door opened wide and Seema saw her mother-in-law standing in the doorway. A maid stood by her carrying a large brass platter containing flowers, coconut, kumkum, and a small lighted "diya." Seema was welcomed into her new home as Ranjit shuffled his feet impatiently. "Come in!" said her mother-in-law at last and Seema was led into a hall with a high ceiling from which hung expensive chandeliers. Where were all the rest, Seema kept thinking. The light from the ceiling lit up all the corners of the interior and for an instant Seema's heart too brightened up. She was led upstairs over a spiral staircase that halted briefly at the first floor landing and again curved upwards to the second floor where the newly weds were at last deposited in their room.

It was a large room, but sparsely furnished, Seema noticed. Just then the chowkidar and the gardener came in with the dowry items which had come by a separate van. Seema's mother-in-law too had come up now and she carefully inspected all the items, apparently assessing the value of each. Afterwards she came and sat down near Seema on a low stool. Ranjit just slumped into a heavy armchair, not even noticing her; instead he just stared vacantly at the ceiling. Only the maid looked at Seema with a natural curiosity.

"It's so quiet here," Seema remarked to her mother-in-law. "Yes," she replied. "No outside noise filters in." "You must be very tired," the old lady continued. "Why don't you change and rest for a while? We have early dinner. I'll send for you then to come down."

But instead of leaving, she stood in front of Seema and with careful deliberation fingered all of Seema's jewellery — the dangling earrings, the choker, the heavy "kadas" the set of twelve gold bangles and finally the rings on her fingers. Then she twisted her lips into a thin smile and remarked, "Not much gold there, isn't it?" She then left abruptly.

Seema was aghast. She recalled with pain how her parents and brothers had struggled to provide her such expensive jewellery. It took her quite a while to gather her senses. She ther looked towards her husband who was now staring at her strangely. "Well, you heard Maaji, didn't you?" he said. "Get up and change as you have been told to. Don't just stand there." Then he closed his eyes and promptly lost all interest in her.

To be continued

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ NO. 18

1. John Lennon, Yoko Ono
2. Salvador Dali
3. The Wightman cup
4. General Alexander Haig
5. Your nails
6. Hamelin
7. The ostrich
8. Mr. G. S. Dhillon
9. The tank
10. George Bernard Shaw and Voltaire, respectively
11. Dr. Albert Schweitzer
12. Charles Schulz in the comic strip "Peanuts"

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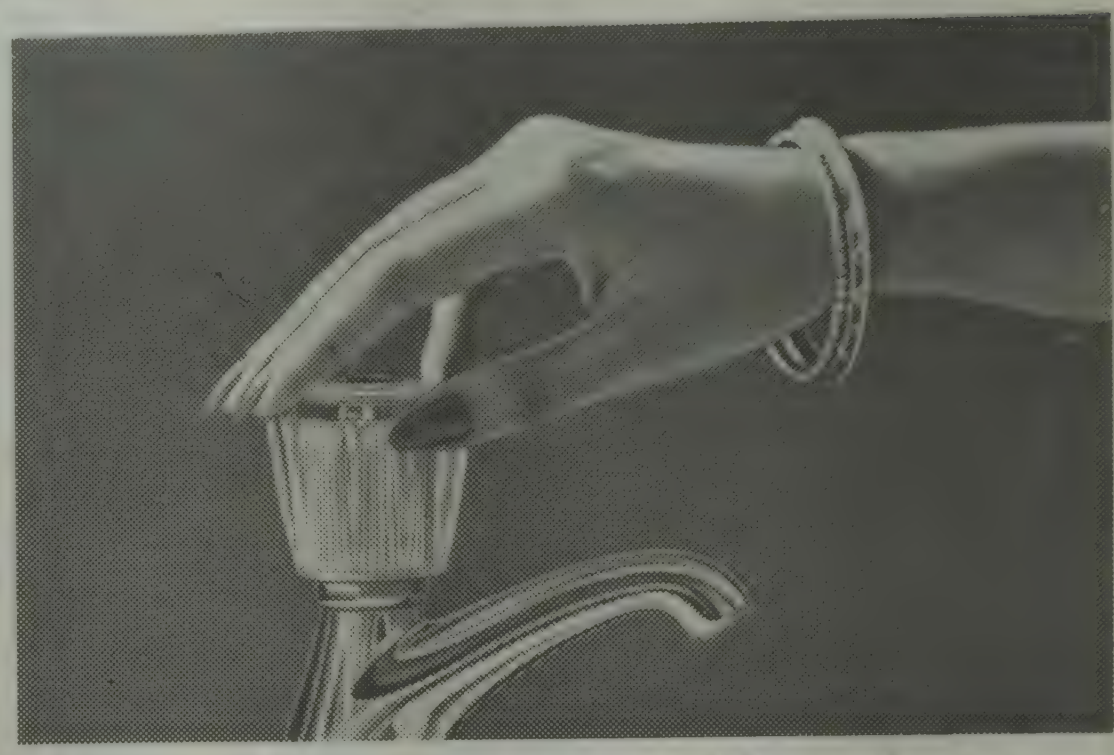

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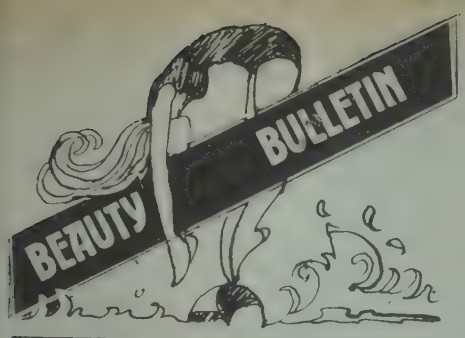


Kiyoko M., a leading beautician, will answer your beauty queries every fortnight in this column.

HAIR COLOURING

I am 28 and have short hair. I am thinking of changing its colour, which I have never done before. My hair is dark brown. Any suggestions?

P.L. (Bangalore)

If you are experimanting with hair colouring, make sure that the new colour looks natural on you. Also see that the colour of your hair blends with your skin tone and gives lighter and softer shades — not darker and brighter. Your best choice is a tint that is fairly close to your original colour. Your hairdresser will guide you in this respect.

FOLLOW THESE TIPS

I wear contact lenses. Do I have to use any special kind of make-up?

U.A. (Bombay)

You should take special precautions while applying eye make-up. Avoid using mascara that contains tiny filaments. Do your beauty chores that involve handling creamy substances like creams, moisturisers and so on before you insert the lenses. And at night tackle your beauty chores after you remove the lenses.

When using a hairspray close your eyes, so that the spray does not affect the lenses.

USEFUL REMEDIES

I am a housewife who is very fond of reading and doing embroidery. My problem is that my eyes get tired easily. Please suggest some remedies for me.

N.T. (Delhi)

Avoid doing embroidery or reading for long stretches without relief as this tends to strain your eyes.

Add a pinch of common salt to a cup of ice cold water, soak two cottonwool pads in it, squeeze out the water, then place these on closed eyelids. Lie in a darkened room, with feet elevated, for 15 minutes. You could use chilled rose water or eau de cologne instead of plain water.

You could try these exercises to rest weary eyes.

Blink rapidly a couple of times then close your eyes for a few minutes.

Squeeze your eyelids tightly, then open your eyes as wide as possible, repeat 4-5 times.

Or cup your hands over closed eyelids for a few minutes.

TO REDUCE HIPS

I am 26. My hips are flabby and heavy. Please suggest some exercise to reduce them.

I.P. (Madras)

FOR TIRED EYES

Try these exercises and do them regularly.

1. Lie flat on your back, arms straight out. Keeping knees straight, lift left leg up and swing it over right leg to touch floor. Bring back to original position. Repeat with the right leg.

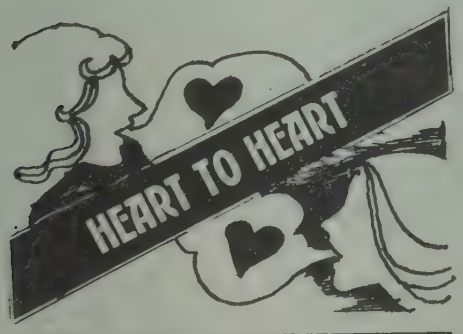
2. Stand on your left foot. Keeping body well balanced, keep right leg bent. Straighten right leg and swing leg to side to form a right angle. Lower leg slowly to the floor. Repeat with the left leg.

TRY THESE SUGGESTIONS

My hair is thick and curly. When I brush it after a shampoo, it breaks easily. What should I do?

E.L. (Hyderabad)

Hair should never be brushed when it is wet. It is weakest when wet and more elastic and will break easily when you brush it. Use a wide-toothed comb which has rounded teeth. Place one hand firmly against the roots of the strands and comb very gently. Once the tangles are removed and hair is dry, brush it gently.



Confide your personal problems to Mrs. Kamlesh Nischol, c/o Eve's Weekly. Mrs. Nischol is a leading psychologist and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight.

IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN

SHE HAS DOUBTS

I am a girl of 20 years. Since childhood I loved a man whom I could not marry. We had a full sex life during which I became pregnant. I aborted the pregnancy by taking oral pills. Once aborted, I cannot have children, is this true? Please clear my doubts.

I have repeatedly indicated in my columns the futility of forming intimate relationship with an individual whom you cannot marry.

You should have no fears with regard to an abortion preventing pregnancy. The complications after abortion arise only if some portion of the foetus remains inside the uterus in which case the bleeding does not stop. In such cases, a D & C is recommended. If however, menstruation is normal subsequent to abortion, one can conceive.

TALK IT OVER WITH HER

I am a highly qualified, handsome man of 32, married to a girl of 23 years coming from a well-to-do family. My problem is that since the day of marriage, my wife has not shown me any affection. Soon after marriage, I found out that she was in love with another man and was married to me under parental pressure. On several occasions I found her in fairly intimate position with this man.

My wife never enjoyed sex with me and complained of pain and frigidity. Because I loved her, I tolerated all her eccentric behaviour until she told me that she could not be my wife. Six months back, she returned to her parents. Should I go in for a separation or bring her back hoping that she will change?

It is evident that your marriage was contracted against the wish of your wife. Also your wife was and is still emotionally involved with another man. Considering that socially or morally it is not feasible to live with a partner whose affections are elsewhere, I advise that you ask for a separation. Then you could start life afresh.

It is futile to hope that your wife might change. In the first place, she should have a genuine desire to change, then seek professional help. Secondly from your letter it appears that she sees nothing wrong in her behaviour.

I suggest that you have a final discussion with her to find out whether she has any intention of continuing this marriage. If she has, then she should consult a marriage counsellor who can help her. In case she wishes otherwise, you should ask for a divorce by mutual consent.

SAFE CONTRACEPTIVE

I am a girl of 19 years who enjoys sex. I have a boy friend whom I cannot marry just now — we have to wait for two years. If we wish to indulge in sex, can we use a condom? Please tell me if there is any subsequent risk of pregnancy and whether there is a possibility of sickness after its use.

In my view other than fear of pregnancy and other aberrations, pre-marital sex leads to several psychological problems. The use of a condom is perfectly safe if the contraceptive does not burst which happens sometimes. It will not give you any sickness as it is used only by the man.

BOMBAY

The National Association For The Blind, India, organised the Rustom Merwanji Alpaiwalla Memorial Awards Presentation Ceremony at the Queenie Captain Auditorium, NAB Workshop for the Blind, recently. Dr. B.K. Goyal, Sheriff of Bombay, presented the awards to outstanding professional and voluntary workers. The 1981 award winners are Mrs. Rehmut Fazelbhoy, Director, NAB Revenue Unit, Bombay, Mr. K. N. Nayar, Executive Secretary, Blind Relief Association, Delhi, Mrs. Piloo D. Khambatta, Hon. Secretary, Employment & Placement, NAB. Bombay and Mr. Jagdish Patel, Hon. Secretary, Adult Training for the Blind, Ahmedabad.

• • •

The Partha Institute of Personality Development organised a seminar on "Our Schools: The Child's Point of View" in which five selected youngsters chosen from among the participants in the Inter-School Elocut' Competition held earlier in Bombay, spoke on various subjects. This was followed by a cartoon film entitled "Conference of Animals". Mrs. Satya Mehra, wife of the Governor of Maharashtra, was the chief guest, and Mrs. Kamla Laxman presided.

• • •

On the eve of the International Year for Disabled Persons, the Zonta Club of Bombay II organised a sale of utility items at the Cymroza Art Gallery. The sale had a dual benefit for the handicapped, in that a part of the sale was reserved for items made by them, and the entire proceedings of the sale were used in the procurement of appliances for their rehabilitation.

The President of the club, Dr. Dina Patel welcomed the chief guest Mr. Vijay Merchant at the inaugural function. The Central Society for the Deaf, the Paraplegic Foundation, and the Society for Children in Need of Special Care were amongst the participants.

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A Bazar day, and sale was held by the Time and Talents Club at the Sir Cawasji Jehangir Hall. Embroidered linen, babywear, ladies' garments, gift items and jams, pickles etc, were on display. All the items were made by talented self-employed ladies.

• • •

The Bombay branch of Vivekananda Kendra, Kanyakumari,

ABOVE: Dr. B.K. Goyal, Sheriff of Bombay, presenting the Rustom Merwanji Alpaiwalla Memorial Award to Mrs. Rehmut S. Fazelbhoy at a function held by the National Association of the Blind in Bombay to felicitate outstanding professional and voluntary workers. Also seen are Mr. Vijay Merchant and Mrs. S. Nanavati.

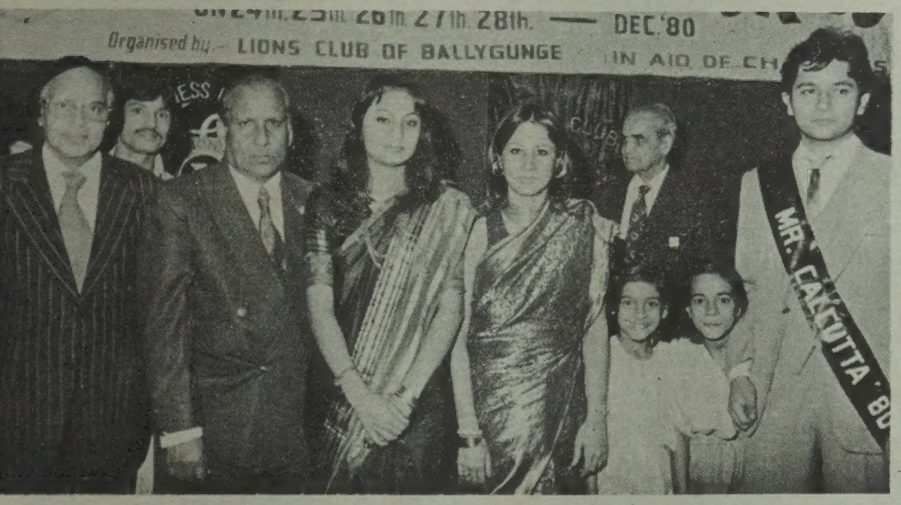
Miss Marina Ventris D'Souza receives the Partha Badge from Mrs. Satya Mehra at a function held by the Partha Institute of Personality Development in Bombay.

Mrs. Rita Diwan and Capt. Abrahim who were chosen Philips Queen and Philips Prince at a charity ball organised by the Lioness Club of Meerut and Philips India, are seen with members of the Club.

The Vivekananda Kendra, Bombay, presented a classical dance recital by Dr. Padma Subrahmanyam (ext. right) at Shanmukhananda Hall. Also seen are Dr. C. A. Mehta, and Mrs. Sudha Rao.

Mr. Vijay Merchant inaugurated a sale of utility items organised by the Zonta Club of Bombay II in aid of the handicapped. Seen (from left) are Mrs. I. Kothari, Mrs. D. Thacker, Dr. K. Madon, Dr. D. Patel, Mrs. M. Shroff, and Dr. Z. Patel.

At a reception hosted in honour of the Governor of Maharashtra, Air Chief Marshal (Retd.) O.P. Mehra and Mrs. Satya Mehra (centre) at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, are also seen (from left) Mrs. N. Talati, Mr. N. Talati, Mr. Lalit K. Jain, Mrs. P. Bajaj, Mr. P. Bajaj, Mrs. B. Lulla and Dr. B. Lulla. The reception was jointly hosted by Mr. L.K. Jain, Chairman, Industrial Oxygen Company, and Mr. P. Bajaj, Chairman, Sea Lord Containers Ltd.



The Lions Carnival Fiesta was organised in aid of charities in Calcutta recently. Mr. H. Rashid, Deputy High Commissioner, Bangladesh, and Mrs. N. Rashid (1st & 4th from left) were the guests of honour.

A two-day workshop on the "Role of Women in National Integration for National Development" was organised by the All India Women's Conference in Secunderabad recently. Mrs. T. Lakshmikanthamma (ext. right) was the chief guest.

organised a classical dance recital, entitled, 'Ramaaya Tubhyam Namah" by the famous danseuse, Padma Subramanyam at the Shanmukhananda Hall. The function was held to commemorate the birth anniversary of Swami Vivekananda.

Padma Subramanyam is the recipient of many national and international awards of merit. In Madras she has her own dance school, "Nrityodaya."

Vivekananda Kendra is a charitable organisation, engaged in the task of upholding the cherished ideals of Swami Vivekananda.

* * *

An exhibition-cum sale of imginative flower arrangements, dry arrangements, picturesque landscapes with shells and rockery, potted plants, sarees from Calcutta, and gifts for children, will be held by the Yogoda Satsang Society, Sabha Kendra, at the Coomaraswamy Hall, Prince of Wales Museum, on February 26. 27, and 28, 1981.

The proceeds of the sale will be donated towards the charities of the Society which was founded by Sri Paramharsa Yogananda. Books and literature on the Society will also be on display.

* * *

The National Handloom Expo '81 commenced here on February 1 at Cross Maidan. The Expo. organised by the Development Commissioner for Handlooms of the Union Ministry of Commerce in collaboration with the Government of Maharashtra, was inaugurated by Air Chief Marshal O.P. Mehra, Governor of Maharashtra. The Union Minister of State for Commerce, Mr. Khurshid Alam Khan presided. Mrs. Pupul Jayakar, Adviser to the Union Ministry of Commerce was present at the opening. Eminent weavers and craftsmen from all over India gave demonstrations on their looms of the process of dyeing, printing and designing. All the States are participating in the Expo and are selling fabrics at a 20 per cent rebate. Mrs. Vimla Patil, Editor, Femina, is presenting fashion shows at the Expo till March 1. Admission to the Expo and fashion show is free.

CALCUTTA

The Crafts Council of West Bengal organised the first-ever exhibition of exotic handicrafts and sarees of Karnataka at the Park Hotel. The reproduction of old temple sarees and traditional designs revived by Vimla Rangachari was much appreciated by the public. Mrs. Ruby Pal Choudhury, General Secretary of the Crafts Council, said the idea behind focusing on a particular State, was part of their plan to familiarise the craftsmen of the State with the work of their counterparts in the country.

* * *

A lecture and discussion was held at the American Centre on Women and the Law. The speaker was Elizabeth F. Defeis, Professor of Law, Seton Hall University, New Jersey. Mrs. Defeis also spoke on Equal Protection and the American Legal System at the Indian Law Institute.

MADRAS

An exhibition-cum-sale of the Arts and Crafts of Orissa was held at the C.P. Art Centre recently. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali. Organised by the Handicrafts Marketing and Service Extension Centre, All India Handicrafts Board, Sambalpur, Orissa, the exhibition had on display, woodcarvings, pattachitra, horn work, cane and bamboo, tie and dye textiles, applique etc.

BANGALORE

The Rotary Club of Bangalore Midtown and Arogya Foundation opened an Artificial Limb Centre as a wing of the Arogya Hospital, a project of the Mahabodhi Society. Mr. F. M. Khan inaugurated the project and Mrs. F. M. Khan presented artificial limbs to recipients.

AHMEDABAD

Mrinalini Sarabhai, Director of Darpana Academy of Performing Arts, staged a dance-drama, "Kumara Sambhavam" of Kalidasa in the city recently. The poetic imagery was splendidly transformed into the world of movements, gestures and poses, with chanting and music in Sanskrit. The use of various traditional elements as described in the "Natya Shastra" and the imaginative combination of different dance styles like Kuchipudi, Kathakali and Bharata Natyam were some of the remarkable features of the performance

FOR THE WEEK
FEB. 22 — 28, 1981

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A most interesting year ahead. You'll be travelling around more than usual and won't be content to put up with conditions you may have found unsatisfactory. Adjustments you have been trying to make could quite suddenly succeed, or extra efforts made during the past year bear fruit. You will meet romance around every corner, but be careful not to chop and change too much — in any sphere of activity — on impulse. If you have been considering moving overseas, this is a distinct possibility now.

ARIES
(March 22 — April 20)

Try not to become restless and impatient this week. Matters will proceed at their own pace, but the changes you desire are on the way. A good week for secret inquiries, for pulling strings.

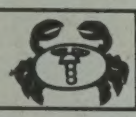
TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

Take full advantage of social opportunities, for there is luck in friendships, and in informal gatherings. A good week to buy household equipment, also items for youngsters, but watch your step if lending or borrowing money.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

You will be in the mood to clear out clutter, but don't throw out something you may need a little later on. You might revive an old ambition that had to be shelved in the recent past.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)



Travel, overseas interests and connections, the legal sphere — all are emphasized this week and suggest action if anything is pending in these areas. There could be good news from a distance or from a relative.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

Don't let minor irritations bother you too much. The indifferent attitude of a close companion could be because of his or her own problems. Be tactful in all areas of activity for improvement in relationships.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

It would be wiser to fit in with the arrangements of loved ones, as their ideas are the best just now. Life is pacy for you, this trend continues into March, so try to keep abreast of routine work.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Unexpected news, some happy surprises, will liven up the atmosphere, but you might have to change arrangements in a hurry. Your intuition is usually reliable so heed your hunches.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

You could find yourself taking the lead in activities. Flattering attention from the opposite sex, pleasing gifts and compliments, could come your way. If involved in a social club, you might be asked to take a position of responsibility.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

You may have accepted too many commitments and could be a little confused about what to do next! Try to get organised, offload a few tasks, but avoid acting hastily. New people are about to enter your scene.

CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

An invitation will involve a journey; romance could enter your life in unfamiliar surroundings. Good week for interviews, meetings, applications, inquiries. There may be rewards, too, for efforts made recently.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

It's a favourable week for your special hopes and wishes. Push ahead in business and personal life, and don't let bright ideas go waste. You can get several loose ends tied up satisfactorily if you deal with essentials.

PISCES
(Feb 20 — March 21)

Venus enters your sign as this week ends to join the Sun and Mars, already in Pisces. This is most helpful for your affairs. It's opportunity time, businesswise, and you'll tend to be in the right place at the right time.

PASSING THROUGH

Continued from page 42

Mohammad Rafi, Manna Dey, Asha Bhonsle and others at famous venues like the John F. Kennedy Concert Hall in Washington D.C.

Another highly successful venture undertaken by this very enterprising woman was a radio programme — one hour twice a week of just film music. It was an unprecedented success.

Then recently in November '80, she organised a festival of Indian films. "Americans had organised Indian film festivals in the past," said Punita, "but they were mostly Satyajit Ray's films. Ray is great but he is not the only one and I wanted to bring films like 'Ankur' to an American audience." 14 films were obtained and the festival was very well received. At least 40 to 45 per cent of the audience was American. The interest awakened by this festival led the Museum of Modern Art, New York to approach Punita for advice about an Indian film festival that they wanted to organise.

Punita's visit to India was partly due to another project she is associated with — a scholarly publication called "The Journal of South Asian Studies" of which she is a Guest Editor and which is bringing out a special issue on the Indian cinema. She is here to talk to people like Raj Kapoor, Dev Anand, to directors, distributors and others and to get articles and as much information as she can about Indian cinema. She finds there is little serious work of this type being done. Commercial films too have a role to play, they can't just be laughed off. This is work she revels in because it combines both her hobby and the serious academic work she is accustomed to.

And the million dollar question — how does she adjust to life in America? Punita has few doubts. "One always says that one will stay on for just another three years and make some money and then return but the three years just get extended and I think that I might very well stay on permanently. As a single woman and a professional, I think I have a better life there. You do your job well and you'll get ahead, your worth and your merit are what count. Of course there are a lot of things one misses too but basically you have the kind of freedom you rarely find here."

S. G.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Contributors will kindly note that all contributions should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and should be typed neatly, triple-spaced with adequate margins. Otherwise they will not be considered for publication.

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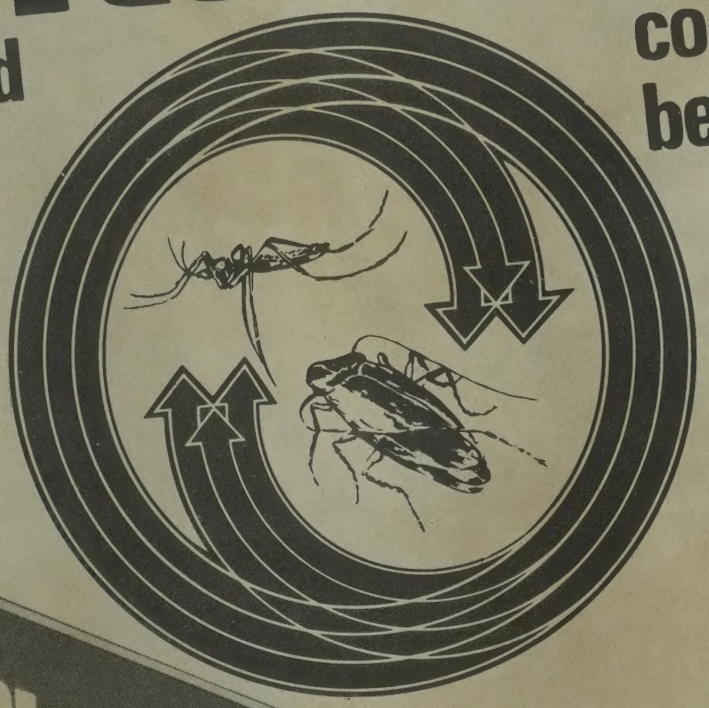

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